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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The year closes with a slight echo of the crisis in Eastern Europe. To diplomatic ears, which are highly sensitive to such sounds, the echo in the Ægean may be not so slight as it seems to the rest of the world; still Europe may, reasonably, congratulate itself on having got through the worst of the Balkan business without a downright quarrel between Great Powers. The Concert has at least contrived to keep peace between its chief performers; and it is the duty of everybody to talk at this season about goodwill among the nations.

But it is really equally the duty of everybody who wishes for peace—for everybody at any rate in this country—to insist on the supreme necessity of being armed to keep the peace. Every person of common sense should know by now that if we take away force from diplomacy we simply take away its arms and leave it a miserable cripple. Force, the power to strike a swift, decisive blow, is the only true reserve at the back of all diplomacy. Whatever may happen in the future which those often pugnacious people the pacifists imagine, it is extremely clear that to-day we can only be a great power for peace by being perfectly prepared against war. That is the lesson of the whole Eastern crisis, and of the last few years in Europe.

M. Briand—*L'endormeur* his enemies have lately called him—shook himself from political slumber at St. Etienne on Sunday. He seems to think the time has at last come for getting back into the front rank of political figures. He again aspires to lead, seeing in the present chaos of parties an opportunity of forming another bloc. The orthodox Republican Government,

he declares, has only the ghost of a programme. Governments are in Paris to-day formed by intrigue. A man and a party with a policy are wanted. M. Briand at St. Etienne virtually proclaims that he himself is that man, and that the groups which united to elect M. Poincaré as President are that party. M. Briand will have to be reckoned with, now that he seems bent on returning to a front position. He is particularly able, and a dangerous politician to oppose—being supple and also strong. Moreover, he can talk. He has the gift of fine rhetoric; and fine rhetoric in France is a political force.

For the present M. Briand only answers his enemies. The main inspiration of his denunciation of the present Radical régime is an attack upon the inconsistency of their professions and their practice. In policy they would return to two years' military service—in practice the three years' service Bill will remain untouched. There is a similar contradiction between profession and practice in their dealing with electoral reform. Such a Government can neither give nor maintain a lead. M. Briand grows ever more conservative. He flatly declares that "the Republic cannot live on anti-clericalism". He himself would now proclaim the necessity of three years' service, and direct French domestic policy into a thorough consideration of the peaceful organisation of labour. M. Briand's ineradicable vice as a statesman—as a politician it often has helped him—assails him at this point. This brotherly organisation of labour, on which he ended at St. Etienne, is, like the old formula of *apaisement*, comfortable, but utterly vague. It sounds well, but it leaves him quite free to deal with everything in his own time and way.

A military court has sentenced Lieutenant Forstner to 43 days' imprisonment on conviction of assault and wounding and of the unlawful employment of weapons. The sentence will to some extent put right the military with the civil order in Germany. It will also soothe the Alsations of Zabern. Lieutenant Forstner is an unhappy, but necessary, example. He is not a monster of military pride and incivility. He is merely a foolish and violent young officer whose natural faults of

manner and temper the Prussian military code has tended to foster and exaggerate. He is one of a host—almost a type. His punishment has all the more value as a warning and a check. It is fair to Lieutenant Forstner to remember that in wounding a lame shoemaker he considered he was acting under orders and thereby increasing the prestige and dignity of the German Army. The system and spirit is wrong that leads to breaches of humour, manners, and sense such as were committed at Zabern. In Lieutenant Forstner this system and this spirit are now rebuked.

We must accept the decision of the British Government not to be represented at the Panama Exhibition as a declaration that politics are sometimes more important than business. The Panama Exhibition is business. All who put business first regret that the Government has decided to take no part. Nevertheless the Government is right. Business is not the last word in this affair. Sir Edward Grey has quite other considerations in his mind. The representation of Great Britain at this exhibition would imply an official approval of much that is yet under discussion. The whole Panama question is internationally too grave a matter for the Government to treat this celebration altogether from the business point of view. Sir Edward Grey is not likely to disclose the motives of his decision. He pleaded to Parliament that representation would be too costly. It would mean a quarter of a million. This objection is not meant to be taken seriously. Great Britain unrepresented because she cannot afford it—intended seriously—is hardly dignified; and Sir E. Grey would not put forward so pitiful an excuse if he did not know that all the great parties concerned would take it as mere diplomatic fence.

Mr. Arthur M. Myers, ex-Minister of New Zealand, speaking of his country's achievements, wisely dwelled less upon material prosperity than upon character. We are too often overwhelmed with figures and statistics of exports and imports in the celebration of our colonial expansion. As Mr. Myers insisted on Monday, a "strong, virile and patriotic people" is more than bushels of wheat or head upon head of cattle. New Zealand holds a proud position to-day measured by ideals of public service. Defence, for example, is in New Zealand not a party question. Everyone there is agreed that universal military training is best, not only from a military but from a moral and social point of view. It breeds citizens.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's inclusion in the Commission on the Indian Public Services was utterly perverse. Surely he himself should have some doubts as to his usefulness. Does he not feel baffled and out of place? Is he not overwhelmed into decent silence by the enormity of his incapacity to understand the questions with which he has, with authority, been asked to deal? Mr. Ramsay Macdonald feels nothing of this. He jauntily takes his place in the unending rank of half-educated, scribbling trippers to India. He will not even wait till the Report of his Commission is out ere he rushes into the Leicester "Pioneer" with impressions and ideas. The complacency of these trotting Labour men is amazing. Mr. Macdonald threatens us with the usual book of half-baked theories and impressions: "When my present work is over, and I am free to write again, I may add another book to my list".

It is a comfort to know that Mr. Macdonald, embarked on the foolish pilgrimage which it seems every English Labour leader must take, preserves even a shred of sense and humour. At least he has the grace to admit he is "still learning, and therefore can only hold provisional opinions". This, apparently, is only for a time. A few more weeks in India, and all will be clear! India will then be understood; her problem explained in a pamphlet; and the Indian Civil servant denounced for not at once introducing heaven upon earth into the Five Provinces. If the Indian problem

were less grave—if no mischief could be done by men like Mr. Hardie and Mr. Macdonald in a country like India—we could laugh heartily at the insolent conceit of these Indian tourists.

The resentment of the Indians in South Africa against the Government has led to violent language by their leaders which it would have been wiser to avoid. The grievances are real, and the Commission to enquire into them might have been differently constituted with advantage; but to reject the findings of the Commission almost before it has begun its work was not good tactics on the Indian side. They had better have waited a little, for the Commission appears to have begun well and it may quite probably do its work impartially. Should it recommend the abolition of some of the grievances against which the Indians have protested, as seems not unlikely, the leaders will look very foolish.

As it is, the Commission intends to hear evidence from the Indians themselves, and the Indians, instead of protesting in advance, should concentrate their efforts on putting their case convincingly. On the manner in which that is done depends the effect on public opinion in Britain—a not unimportant consideration—as well as South Africa; and unless the Commission is hopelessly prejudiced—which seems highly unlikely—the members will formulate their recommendations largely from the evidence before them.

Mr. Lloyd George, at Pwllheli, called the landowners parasites. He thinks them a bad lot evidently. But, at any rate, he cannot name among them anyone who, as a member of a Cabinet, has been discovered and shown up taking Stock Exchange tips given by a Government contractor.

Does Mr. Lloyd George think the Commissioners he intends to set up will not be parasites? If the harvest fails the landlord does not get his rent, and in the old days the parson did not get his tithe; but harvest or no harvest the Commissioner will draw his salary. He will be really a parasite.

Six months ago the Government made it known that they would compromise over Welsh Disestablishment—"offer very generous terms" was the phrase usually employed—if the Opposition asked them; now it seems they may have to ask the Opposition to agree to a compromise. The "Manchester Guardian", which has never shown any particular enthusiasm for the Welsh Church Bill, suggested on Tuesday that the Church was ready for a compact with the Government, and that, despite the "bitterness" of the Church Defence Institute, the official heads of the Church might be willing to come to an agreement. The obvious inference from the "Guardian's" hint is that the Government are weakening over the Bill. Although Welsh Radicals want it, Lancashire Liberals detest it, and Disestablishment in Wales will mean many seats lost to the Government in the north of England. Lancashire Liberal members have recognised this for some time, and want to get the hated Bill out of the way, not to save the Church, but to save themselves.

The strike at Leeds, as we said last week, has had its happy side; but it has also meant grave loss and inconvenience for the city. It was not all holiday for the amateurs who filled the gap. It was most of it drudgery and much of it risk. The man who was blown to the roof and killed at the gas works last Saturday was clearly a victim of this unjust and unreasonable strike. What a world of indignation would be spluttered forth at the police and the Government had this "victim" been struck down by the police in a riot, or in an attack of peaceful pickets upon free labourers! The man who was killed on Saturday is as much a "victim" of the strikers of Leeds as any rioter could be—the distinction being that this man was killed serving the city and his employers, whereas a rioter is killed as a wilful outlaw.

Leeds is a hard lesson for the agitator who teaches that agreements may be broken at will, that working men must grab all they can, caring not at all for fairness and honour. Coercing the private employer is well enough—if the employer is weak, or unpopular, or in the wrong. The employee can always appeal from a private employer to the State. Coercing the whole community is another matter. Coercing the community must always recoil upon the employee. The employee is here appealing from the master to the paymaster—from the corporation which employs him to the ratepayer who pays him.

Here we encounter one of the chief difficulties and perils of nationalisation. Turning a municipality, as at Leeds, or the State, as in Mr. Samuel's Post Office, into an employer of labour does not do away with strikes. What, then, is to happen when the mines and railways are nationalised, and when the miners and railwaymen strike against their Government masters? Who will intervene? The State, as employer, is judge in its own case; and, if experience counts at all, the State as employer is likely to be an extremely rigorous and exacting judge. Striking against the Government may quite easily be read as sedition. An English Government has not even the resources of a country like France, where there is national service. The French Government once defeated a strike upon the French railways by calling out the railwaymen as soldiers. An English Government would probably have to call out the soldiers as railwaymen. It is absurd to argue that these things, under a benevolent Socialist Government, could not happen—that every employee will be comfortable and well-paid. Mr. Samuel does not find things at all comfortable at the Post Office.

The English labour leaders last Saturday were unable to arrange an agreement between masters and men in Dublin. The ultimate difficulty was reached—the point at which most conferences break down at the last moment: How is the employer to reconcile the demands of the strikers to be reinstated with the rights of the free labourer to keep the job he has secured? The men at Dublin demanded outright that all strikers should be taken back and preferred over all "strangers". The masters were unable to agree to this. They offered to employ as many men as possible as soon as possible, but said they were unable to say for how many they could find immediate employment. There is little doubt that the majority of the men would have accepted the employers' offer; but Mr. Larkin used all his influence to hold them back.

The worst enemies of peace in Dublin—the men who now form the majority of Mr. Larkin's determined supporters—are loafers and wasters who will never willingly return to work so long as English "bags of gold" are to be had in idleness. These are a small but noisy section of the men; but their power must not be neglected. The majority now of the Dublin workers want to see the struggle ended. They are terribly suffering from its consequences and in permanent peril of loss of work and character. The loud hooligan easily makes himself heard above the timid remonstrances of these dispirited men. The hooligan suffers less from loss of pay than he would suffer from enforced labour. He is ready to live as long as he may upon doles, and to sacrifice his decency to his laziness. Mr. Larkin should repudiate the support of these characters. If he cannot win with clean forces, let him acknowledge his beating and help his better followers to a settlement.

The Policemen's Trade Union is an unhappy idea. Frowned on at headquarters, disowned by the majority of the force, and laughed at by the public, it will not do. The Trafalgar Square demonstration proved it a fiasco. Probably the only active sympathisers with the idea were intending criminals, who naturally would welcome a policemen's strike. The whole has been

pour rire; but has, nevertheless, a serious side. Police discipline is half-military; and trade unionism would speedily reduce it to absurdity.

The loss through fire of the Semaphore Tower at Portsmouth is grievous. Many of us have known it nearly all our lives and it has appealed to us much as Nelson's Column appeals or the Chelsea Pensioners' Hospital. The mind that could find in the old tower nothing worth considering must have been dense or decadent, or wholly careless of English naval history. Moreover, apart altogether from its patriotic appeal, it has often struck us as a quite beautiful object in certain lights, for it had become finely weathered through exposure and had taken on the subdued tints which marked, too, other parts of the surrounding building that have been lost.

The tower was associated with Nelson and the greatest days of the old sailing warship, but it has been used continuously to the present day, and has been in modern times, not less than in the time of the wooden vessels, the very eyes of the great dockyard and harbour. Before the electric telegraph it sent by stages visual signs from the Fleet to the Admiralty, or received them, and there are people in Gosport and Portsmouth who can still recall this service! The Semaphore Tower will be rebuilt, and doubtless in an improved form. But in the old building the country has lost a thing of rare and splendid tradition.

The question of "Who killed Edwin Drood?" seems to be the historical successor of "Who wrote Junius's Letters?" It has been slightly agitating some readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW of late, whilst elsewhere it really threatens to become as formidable as Shakespeare is Bacon. Thus we find that early in January a court of authors, actors, and writers is solemnly or jocosely to sit in the King's Hall, Covent Garden, and try the case once more—for the hundredth time surely. Twelve typical British jurymen are to be empanelled in the persons of Sir F. C. Burnand, Mr. G. B. Shaw, Mr. Belloc, among others. Then a typical counsel for the defence, Mr. Cecil Chesterton, will appear for Jasper; and a typical judge, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, will, presumably, assume at the right moment the black cap.

We wonder what Charles Dickens would make of the Dickens cult to-day. Might he not be as much mystified by it as Bacon would be on finding people digging for his estate in the bed of the Wye? or perhaps Dickens's state might slightly resemble that of Jasper after a visit to the woman who supplied the opiate. But whether we view Dickens to-day whilst standing on our head or on our heel, it is certain he is the fashion again. Some of us do not much care who killed Edwin Drood. What, perhaps, matters most in "Edwin Drood" is the magical fresh scene of the choir, the scene in which Dickens ended. There was a mystery therein greater, perhaps, than the one which the Dickens Fellowship has set itself anew to solve.

Christchurch Priory is one of the noblest buildings in England, and if men as splendid in their ideas of architecture as Flambard would but appear to-day we could overlook somewhat their alleged wickedness. In its great water meadow and estuary setting it is perhaps never finer than on a winter day, and often of late one has been struck anew by its quite wonderful beauty, without and within. So we must say we are thankful that the faculty for altering the Lady Chapel of Christchurch has been postponed. Frankly, we dread these "decorations" and improvements of buildings like the Priory Church. No Mysterious Builder takes part in them, lengthening by night the beam; whilst all concerned in these renovations—true to our ordinary human nature—turn up (unlike that Builder long ago at Christchurch) regularly on pay day.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE PATIENCE OF ULSTER.

"POLITICIANS have a way of believing only just what suits their party exigencies." These words were written by Lord Wolseley to the Duke of Cambridge at the time of the Ulster crisis in 1893. They might have been written to-day.

Whatever may be the views of the Cabinet, minor Liberal politicians have persuaded themselves that Ulster is bluffing. Their self-deception is complete. The first to make the mistake, they are the last to realise it. It seems almost as if nothing short of open violence would suffice to rouse them to a vivid sense of the national danger. The Home Rule Council—that part of the Liberal organisation which is responsible for the arrangement of the campaign in support of the Home Rule Bill—has just issued its annual report. It contains the sarcastic comment that the talk of civil war in Ulster has been taken in the country "at its true value". How long will it be before the supporters of the Government realise that the opposition of Ulster is no mere question of party politics—that it is serious, deadly earnest? Happily there are signs that the nation at large is waking to the danger.

A solemn service of intercession for the preservation of peace in Ireland has been sanctioned by the Bishop of London for use in his diocese. It will probably be adopted throughout the country. This invocation by the Church, which makes it a duty to keep aloof from party politics, must compel the attention of thinking men of all parties. No less weighty is the interdenominational appeal for prayer issued by the Bishop of Durham and the past and present heads of various Nonconformist churches. These warnings remind us in the most solemn manner possible that the Irish question stands on a different level from ordinary party politics.

Among the events of the past few days is one which will impress the working classes of the North of England and the Midlands more than mass meetings, more than speeches, and more than proclamations. The young men in Ulster have cancelled their football in order that they may devote Saturday afternoons to drilling and military training. This may seem a small thing to some politicians, but the man in the crowd knows what it means. Forming fours is not an exhilarating amusement. The football enthusiast is not likely to give up his game in order to assist in a game of political bluff. The cotton operatives in Lancashire and the mechanics and colliers in the Midlands will understand. In Belfast, at any rate, Mr. Kipling's "muddled oafs" have shown their sense of duty at a national crisis. But the party politician is still blind. He has been taught that Ulster is bluffing, and who shall blame him for having learned his lesson well?

Mr. Asquith at Manchester insisted on the necessity of patience in the equipment of a statesman. We would remind him that foresight is not less necessary. The crisis in Ireland need surprise no one. It has long been foreseen by those who have taken the trouble to inform themselves.

Mr. Asquith prides himself on his capacity for exercising patience. How long does he expect Ulster to remain patient? For two years the Unionists in Ireland have watched the development of the Government's plans to coerce them into submission to a Parliament at Dublin. For two years they have submitted to the sneers of their would-be masters, whom they know to be utterly disloyal—whose treachery they have learnt from experience, and whose indifference to the welfare of Ireland is apparent from their record. To those who understand the intense feeling in the North of Ireland it is a matter of astonishment that Sir Edward Carson has been able to hold his forces in check for so long. There has been no waste of effort in sporadic outbursts of violence. The two years have been spent not in useless rioting, but in quiet organisation. To this is probably due much of the belief which is given to the plea that Ulster is bluffing. We have become so accustomed to the advertisement of political grievances

by useless violence, whether of the suffragette or the dock striker, that the businesslike preparations of Ulster read tamely in the newspapers in comparison. The leaders of the movement have wisely insisted on the necessity for order and discipline, and they have been loyally obeyed. A striking example of this which has passed almost unnoticed occurred at Londonderry a few days ago. Feeling is running high in Derry. At the celebration of the closing of the gates in commemoration of the siege of Derry, on the 18th of this month, there was reason to fear a serious disturbance from the conflict of the opposing parties. Fortunately the proceedings passed off quietly, and it is remarkable that a detachment of the Ulster Volunteers were employed to assist in keeping in check the more excitable elements among the inhabitants. But there are limits to the strain which it is possible to put upon the patience of a community who see their rights, their principles, and their devotion to the Empire threatened by a menace which grows nearer as each day passes.

If the Government do not offer provocation, there is no reason to expect any active disturbance until the Home Rule Bill receives the Royal assent. The futility of the Proclamation of Arms is apparent from the comparative calm with which it was received in Belfast. We have already stated our view that the proclamation was only a device of the Government to convince their own supporters that Ulster is arming herself, that the Ulster question is a serious one, and that it is necessary to offer terms. They may have succeeded if that was their object, but if the view be correct that the proclamation is illegal, as was stated authoritatively in the *Times*, the Government have also made themselves ridiculous. An examination of the section in the Customs Consolidation Act, 1876, on which the proclamation is based, makes it appear likely. The word "Importation" in a statute relating to the United Kingdom as a whole can hardly be held to cover the movement of goods from one part of the United Kingdom to another. It is impossible to accept the opinion of the Attorney-General as free from prejudice, especially when given in answer to an enquiry by the *Westminster Gazette*. The matter can only be decided by a Court of Law of competent jurisdiction. Pinpricks of this kind will not deter the Ulster Volunteers from completing their preparations, nor will they be excited to premature violence. There is, however, one course, if the Government is foolish enough to take it, which must produce immediate and determined resistance. Fears have been expressed in Belfast that the Government will institute a house to house search for arms. We do not believe the Government would be so short-sighted. Wherever the arms of the Ulster Volunteers are concealed, should the police attempt to seize them they would meet with determined opposition. When a man has armed himself against a future danger, the one thing that will rouse him to immediate action is an attempt to deprive him of his weapon.

In any event the "arbitrament of swords" is very near. Unless the Government change their present course, next Session will witness the passing of the Home Rule Bill a third time through the House of Commons. The most loyal, the most law-abiding, and the most prosperous part of Ireland will be goaded into open revolt, their loyalty rewarded by forcible exclusion from the Union. We are to encourage their respect for the law by handing them over to the control of men who make a pride of breaking it! to stimulate their prosperity by putting it in the power of their enemies to tax them out of existence!

THE LABOURER AND THE LAND.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S denial that the land-bursting campaign is a vote-catching device, reiterated in his speech this week at Pwllheli, has as much truth as the assurance of some door-to-door Autolycus that he is "really losing money by letting the lady have the trinkets so cheap". If Mr. Lloyd George does not want the votes for his party, why did he reject the Unionist scheme of land and housing reform, in

face of his own aspiration that any settlement of the land question should be a national and not a party one?

The pretence will not do. All the preliminary signs of an electoral campaign are to be found in the Chancellor's land speeches. The landlord is a selfish monopolist, the parson a parasite, the English village dominated by both becomes a thing of horror; and England, which Mr. Lloyd George declared the most prosperous country in the world when he was arguing on a Free Trade brief, appears a stagnant and decaying kingdom when he sees it from the land-bursting angle. He is acting both as buyer and seller of goods that are not his to buy or sell. First he runs the price up to an absurd height, then he runs it down to bankruptcy. Cobden made us wealthier than our Protectionist neighbours, the Tory landowner made us poorer; and both at the same time. Was ever so absurd a contradiction?

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer knows little about rotation of crops, he knows much about rotation of political cries. Chinese labour is dead, black bread has lost its vogue, the House of Lords is no longer a good whipping-boy; but there are the landlords to attack, the labourers to cajole. And gradually Mr. Lloyd George is raising the bidding. At first it was a better house for the labourer—which could have been secured under the Boscawen Bill had not Sir Arthur Boscawen been a Tory—then wages boards, then a minimum wage; now, quite openly, he is flirting with the cry of £1 a week for all. It was all predicted six months ago by that astute electioneer, "P. W. W.," of the "Daily News", who prepared the way which his leader has so quickly followed. Mr. Lloyd George will try to fight the next election on lower rents for the farmer and £1 a week for the labourer; but both may look askance at his figures. They have not forgotten the meaning of 9d. for 4d.

In the background, as it were, of the Radical land scheme is the dispossessed landowner, and, still more dimly, the State Commissioner and an army of officials inspecting, regulating, ordering—and evicting. They will regulate the price at which land and labour is bought, but not the price at which the product of both is sold: that is the new Free Trade which is to bring about an agricultural millennium.

Will that programme stay the agricultural exodus? We doubt it. An official report on the causes of migration from the countryside issued last week declares that the labourer leaves his home not so much because of the price of labour as because of the lack of opportunities. He thinks he can do better in the towns, he is assured he can do better in the colonies; and he takes his ticket. But in the colonies they are in precisely the same difficulties. By a curious coincidence, at the very time the Report on Migration was issued in London, New South Wales was discussing the same question, of getting the labourer who has drifted into the towns back to the land; the problem is not less acute in Victoria. In both States they applied the land-tax and land-bursting policies and a dozen other experiments in the way of planting rural colonies years ago; they have harassed the great landowner in the approved manner, but the flow of rural labour to the towns continues. Canada, politically less daring, sees the same difficulty ahead: the immigrants who should settle on the land have a way of drifting into the towns. Labourers in the East are attracted by the high wages of Toronto, or Hamilton, or Montreal; labourers in the West weary of the eternal silence of the prairie winter, and crowd into Winnipeg, or Edmonton, or Saskatoon. There are thousands of unemployed in the Canadian towns for this reason, and part at least of the rapid growth of western cities has been at the expense of the country.

When young countries find themselves faced with the same difficulties as an old one, it can hardly be correct to blame the land system of old England for the troubles confronting the younger Englands. The town attracts, the country repels, equally in Australia and Sussex; there is an illuminating letter on record from a woman emigrant to one of the colonies, who complained that there was "no Saturday night in the bush", no chance for the door-to-door gossip which

made life worth living in a city at home. This is no question of deep policy, but of human nature, which even Mr. Lloyd George cannot change. It is his business to declare that the existing system has failed, and to promise that if one will only vote for him his own system will do better. But has the old system failed? It produced good farming, a peasantry praised by foreign observers as better fed and more comfortably housed than their own, a sturdy farming class, owners with a tradition of kindly duty to their people; it survived even the jealous attacks of the manufacturing Radicals of the mid-nineteenth century; and it may yet survive Mr. Lloyd George and his new-found interest in agriculture. Its strength has been shown by the mere fact that it has lasted so long; its weakness is that it has not checked the migration of countrymen to the towns or the colonies. But that weakness is shared by every land system in Europe; and it is being increasingly shared by the land systems of the colonies. In South Africa, the only colonial country where there is no rural migration to the towns, the stability of the agricultural population has been purchased at the price of the existence of the poor white class—a problem from which this country is fortunately free.

The causes underlying this general movement are simple. The farmer can be kept on the land, because he is either the owner of his land or tenant under good conditions—and despite Mr. Lloyd George's rhetoric, the farmer in England has few grievances against his landlord. But the labourer cannot be kept on the land, because he is neither owner nor tenant; he is no longer tied to the soil by statute, and he is not tied by self-interest. The attraction, indeed, is steadily away from the soil.

To counteract this weakness which has developed in the existing land system two competing remedies have been devised—the Unionist system of small proprietorship, the Radical system of small holdings. The latter has been tried for five years, and Mr. Lloyd George is not satisfied with it. It does not work quickly enough for him; he does not understand that the get-rich-quick methods which he employed in his brief excursion into the Marconi speculation cannot be repeated on the land. Nature works slowly, and takes no tips from Government contractors—a bad blot on the scheme of creation.

But for all that the Small Holdings Act has been honestly worked by Tory country gentlemen, who work unpaid (unlike the Chancellor's Commissioners) on County Councils, and it has worked not unsuccessfully. Its weakness is that a high price has to be paid for good land, money has to be spent on cutting up a large estate into small ones, more implements and horses are required in farming a series of small holdings than in running one large farm, more has to be spent in getting the goods to market, and the market price rules no higher for the produce of the small holder than the larger owner. In addition, the small holder has seldom any reserve of capital—he has usually exhausted his little stock with the first instalment—and the County Council must get its rents in punctually lest the other ratepayers grumble. The small holder, in short, is placed on the land, but no machinery is set up to keep him there, and at the first bad season he disappears.

CHRISTMAS.

LAMB laid it down as a test of a man's unspoiled simplicity of soul that he should retain a liking for apple tart—or was it dumpling? That ruling has always seemed to us narrow and unfair. There are many excellent people who detest apples; the finest Ribston pippin affects them as others, on Shakespearean authority, are affected by a gaping pig or a harmless necessary cat. A more just test would be whether a man likes or dislikes Christmas—not so much the actual material Christmas of tips and present-giving and over-eating and fireside follies, but the idea of a truce of God for which Christmas stands.

Not a comfortable sort of man is he who has no Christmas in his soul. There are some such, curmudgeon people who grudge all interruption in the

business of buying and selling, and cozening and wrangling, who said, "Diem peridi" on the twenty-fifth of December, because the holiday means wages paid without services rendered, and business expenses going on without corresponding profit. "Christmas is a poor excuse for picking a man's pocket", was old Scrooge's reflection in his unregenerate days. And old Scrooge is not extinct by any means, though, to judge from the liberal holiday allowance now almost universal, he has ceased to be a member of the shop-keeping and small merchant class. The real Christmas-hater to-day is generally a richer and more important man, to whom Christmas implies a sheer waste of time. This is the dangerous heretic, compared with whom the weak brethren who flock to Switzerland and the Riviera are venial sinners. Christmas on an Alpine slope or on the shores of the Mediterranean is a poor substitute for the real thing. For Christmas, as Du Barry said of morality, is largely governed by geography. It "goes" with the English winter climate, which offers so little in the way of counter-attraction to the pleasures of the fireside. Even an Englishman can hardly feel that Christmas influence when he looks from his hotel window on a dusty line of palms and a sunlit sea. But these nomads are rather Christmas shirkers than Christmas haters. The man who looks on the whole thing as an imbecility, he is the man not to be trusted, though he eat apple dumplings at every meal. He, rather than the man without music in his soul, is the fit incubator of stratagems and treasons. He represents the inhuman element in life. To him belong the trusts and the strikes, the cold-blooded systems of economics, the whole philosophy that regards men as machines, with no motive power but appetite. It is immaterial whether he himself is an ascetic or a sybarite. He may sit down to a simple chop, or work steadily through his courses. That is only an accident of disposition. The Christmas spirit does not depend on things eaten and drunk. It is just possible for it to be nourished on a dinner of herbs, or even of Brazil nuts. A man is not a traitor to Christmas because he happens to be a fruitarian. But he is a traitor if he fails, on Christmas day at least, to think well of the rest of the world, though it be chiefly a world of meat-eaters. He must not sniff intolerantly at the fragrance of his next door neighbour's dinner, or write letters to the papers on the depravity of the flesh-feeder. If he does he is ignoring the whole spirit of Christmas—without which the yearly festival would be the dulllest of orgies.

Still, though all good men in their hearts like Christmas, it is permissible to entertain the suspicion that the modern Christmas is overdone. It is too complicated, like the toys we give our children. It lacks spontaneity. It is the subject of too much anxious thought and preparation. Nowadays, where Christmas is concerned, we not only take thought of to-morrow, but thought of at least six weeks ahead. And all deliberate and cold-blooded merrymaking tends to defeat its own purpose. Every true man in his heart loathes an invitation to some pretentious affair which says in effect, "You are expected to be cheerful from 10.30 p.m. to 2 a.m." The lugubrious faces at most social gaieties can be explained on no other hypothesis. So with Christmas. We hear so much about it in advance that we are a little "stale" when it comes. It is only human to resent, for example, the officiousness of the advertising tradesman. He is so perfectly sure that you want "the cheapest cigar in the trade", or "the best value in Tarragona port at 18s. the dozen", and you are so sure that you don't want it and so angry that he should think you did, that you wonder how he sells the things at all. No doubt people know their own business best, but the majority of Christmas appeals for custom are couched in the language of deadly insult. Apparently the feelings of some people are not easily hurt; otherwise one would imagine that the poulterer who advertised "This is the place for cheap turkeys" would be left coldly alone. As if any self-respecting Christmas reveller wanted a bargain turkey. Half its flavour depends on honest

money being given for honest value. A bargain at Christmas is a blasphemy. But tradesmen have no very nice sense of the fitness of things. Was there not once a pious pork butcher somewhere in the North of London who, careful of the souls of his customers, had printed on his paper bags the words "Prepare to meet thy Maker"? But as he was occasionally summoned for selling ptomaine-laden sausages the warning was, perhaps, not altogether impertinent.

Christmas, too, suffers from the modern passion for statistics. It would really conduce to one's comfort if one did not know the precise result in figures of the universal fancy for a particular bill of fare on a particular day. Take the simple matter of Christmas decorations. A man who likes trees and growing things, and shudders at the thought of wholesale destruction, may yet have no scruple about putting up a little holly and mistletoe to please his own children. But his conscience gets a nasty jar when he reads about hundreds of cart-loads of holly at Covent Garden, and notes the ominous statement that prices are higher on account of shortage of supply, which means simply that all accessible parts of the country are being progressively denuded of evergreens.

But it is when we come to bird and animal life that the statistics become really appalling. They give an idea of shocking gluttony and revolting voracity—a quite misleading idea, no doubt, but definite enough to cause a pang of self-reproach in the most confirmed believer in animal food. Take the single item of turkeys. One reads, say, that a million turkeys have been sold for the London market. It seems a hideous slaughter, something quite out of proportion to the object, and not quite in keeping with the character of the day. One would have no such feeling about one's own particular turkey, of course. But the effect of these figures is to make every humane man feel personally responsible for a million deaths, a grave enough reflection, though only birds are in question. A moment's thought, indeed, shows that the allowance is not extravagant—one turkey to every six people, all of whom deserve turkey as well as one's self, perhaps better. Still, the first impression is of a gory basis to merriment, and it is reinforced, every time one goes abroad, by the rather uncivilised displays at the poulterer's and the butcher's. Those groves of suspended turkeys, indelicately nude, those ribs and sirloins of beef rosetted and beflagged—one need not be a Buddhist to feel some kind of revolt against the species of indecent triumph they represent. Let us eat a pig, by all means, if we like pork. Pigs were made to be eaten, as Dr. Pangloss long ago demonstrated. But let the pig be treated with decent respect, as a humble martyr in the cause of human well-being. Civilised men do not insult the fallen. Why make even a dead porker grin in ghastly self-derision with an orange between his teeth? What should we think of the cannibal who added such insult to such injury?

In no direction is Christmas more overdone than in the extortion of which it is made the excuse. The Christmas tip was once a real gift. It was bestowed with goodwill and received with gratitude. Only a few years ago it was something more than a grudging and grumbling submission to blackmail. To-day all pretence is dropped. Neither the giver nor the recipient has the least illusion on the subject. The Christmas box is generally just as much a bribe as the ten-rouble piece every merchant has to slip into the hands of a Russian custom's house officer to secure an early clearance of his goods. The extortionists are usually not even polite. "God rest you, merry gentleman," is no part of their formula. They are not in the smallest degree concerned whether anything dismays you or not. They come with a truculence that means "Give me a Christmas box, or I'll be the death of you!" Even if an honorific form be used, the veiled menace is no less comprehensible: "Pay ransom, or your letters will go astray, the platform gate will be shut in your face, the household rubbish will be spilt in removal, and all sorts of inconvenience will dog you in 1914."

Money, in fact, plays far too great a part in the modern Christmas. The poor are apt to be greedy and calculating. The rich show an extravagance out of harmony with the real spirit of the season—a spirit of simplicity and homeliness. A Christmas cracker costing five guineas—there were many such in the shop windows this month—is something monstrously unnatural. So is a twenty pound doll's house. It is an example of waste as offensive and foolish as the waste of Michael Angelo's talent in the shaping of a statue in snow at the behest of some Renaissance plutocrat. These things are an insult to Christmas. They cannot kill it, because Christmas appeals to something deep in the nation's soul, which makes most men and women one day of the year Christians in thought, if not in profession. But they are in their way as alien to the season as sullen Puritanism or churlish misanthropy.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. JAMES ADDERLEY.

I USE the word Church here in its widest sense as meaning the Christian society, those men and women, corporately considered, who have faith in God and Christ, who believe in a revelation of God's will, character, purpose and care made once by Jesus of Nazareth and continually being made by the Holy Spirit as the ages go on.

By the "World" I mean men and women, corporately considered, who ignore this faith of the church, not necessarily opposing it, even claiming a certain association with it, but yet practically, in their view of life, not considering themselves bound to be guided by it.

Now, what is to be the attitude of Christian people towards the world? It does not seem to me altogether satisfactory to try to settle the question by talking of the "Order of Civilisation" and the "Order of Christianity", as if they were two entirely separate orders, developing on parallel lines and never meant to meet. This seems to deny the value of the Incarnation as a gospel of good news. Mr. George Bernard Shaw has lately shown his contempt for the man who calls himself a Christian in a light-hearted manner, as if it were a name that anybody could carelessly assume. This is a great compliment to Christianity. Nietzsche's raillery about the "slave morality" of Christians, his sarcastic assertion that there has only been one Christian and that he was crucified, should make us ashamed, but it should also send us back more earnestly than ever to our task. For a tremendous task it is. It is because we have been afraid of taking it up that we have substituted for the church militant the church quiescent inside a place of worship. It is not always and alone the hermit or the monk who is afraid of the world and draws into his cell to save his soul. St. Francis and Savonarola were not afraid of humankind, but many Christians who object to monks are terribly frightened of their fellow creatures themselves. The "other worldliness" of the present day does not take the form of retirement into a monastery, but rather keeps its religion in one watertight compartment and its everyday life in another. It welcomes doctrines of *laissez faire*, which seem to free it from the right to interfere with the course of this world. The world is no longer afraid of the church. The teeth of the Christian watchdogs have been successfully drawn. Christian duty is permanently qualified by such convenient phrases as these: "Politics and religion are an unholy mixture", "The laws of political economy are the laws of God", "What is economically wrong can never be morally right", "The proposals of socialism are contrary to human nature", "You cannot make people good by Act of Parliament", "The church must not take sides", "We don't like this, but it is a regrettable necessity". It would seem then that what is wanted on the part of the church is greater boldness of attack. This does not mean that the church is to try to reassume its claim

to manage all human affairs, but it does mean that it ought to claim to have a very considerable say in all matters that affect human life. But boldness is only a preliminary virtue. By itself it is likely to lead to braggadocio and to result in ignominious defeat. It must be accompanied by knowledge and sympathy. The curate, for example, who denounces commercial fraud in the pulpit, but has evidently not studied the question, does more harm than good. So does the Bishop who shouts that everybody must boycott the firms who do not pay a living wage, but has not satisfied himself as to what a living wage is, or how it could be paid, so long as the dividends must be kept up to provide luxuries which he does not denounce—and in which he perhaps indulges himself. Now, the Christian Social Union in the Church of England has rightly stood during the past twenty years for the study of social problems with a view to concerted action on the part of Christians in solving them. But it has signally failed to attract to itself any large number of persons who would really be prepared to make a stand against the world. I do not think it is unfair to say that it has tended to become only one more of the societies which study economics, and one which does not as a matter of fact do so as scientifically as the Fabian. It has forgotten that what the church has been led to expect from it is some practical advice as to what it is to do as a religious community. As an example of what I mean I would point to the general attitude of the present-day Christian social reformer (taught as he has been by the C.S.U.) towards the housing problem. He studies the subject economically rather than morally or religiously. He proposes economic improvements in the same sort of way as the Fabian Society does. The C.S.U. proposes Housing Bills, but it does not interfere with the spiritual life of those who live upon the profits of the system which renders a Housing Bill necessary. And, if the Christian Social Union does not so interfere, it is not at all likely that the rest of the church will do so, with its less sensitive conscience in these matters. And this is not because the church, when it likes, cannot speak out. The Bishops profess to be able to rally the whole of Christian London to their side on the purity question. It cannot, then, be a sense of impotence which prevents them from engaging in other crusades. There is a suspicion among the masses that the official church is under the heel of private capitalism, and dare not, perhaps is unwilling to, make any effective protest. A correspondent in one of the newspapers lately put it thus: "Why is so much said about an actress who shows her ankles and so little about women and children who show their feet through their worn-out shoes"? There is undoubtedly a disproportionate amount of ecclesiastical protest about certain sins, more often sins of a private rather than of a public character. Yet it is particularly the public, corporate sins against which the church, as being the symbol of corporate Christianity, should protest. The church is the potential "Kingdom of God," as the "World" is its antithesis: the "Kingdom of Satan". And even in the case of these private sins there is a certain inconsistency about the interference of the church. Christians have a great deal to say about the indissolubility of marriage when it has once been contracted, but comparatively little to say about courtship and match-making. We do not hear of interference when marriages are being arranged for vulgar reasons of rank and wealth, but the failure that too often results is cruelly dealt with. This brings me to speak of the sympathy which is so frequently lacking on the part of religious people in dealing with the world. We note this, perhaps, most of all in questions connected with the commercial system. The church as a whole acquiesces in the system by which wealth is acquired and spent, it even shares in its earthly advantage. Yet it is somewhat lavish with its pulpit references to commercial fraud.

Sympathy is wanted with the business man on the one side and the employee on the other, who both are faced with the dilemma of risking their souls in ques-

tionable transactions or starvation. To turn to quite another department—that of amusements and art. Again, sympathy is wanted. The Puritans at first were hopelessly wanting in sympathy. They could not understand human nature and the cravings of the spiritual life. They took to denunciation and prohibition, and completely failed to secure what no doubt they earnestly desired. Their successors follow largely on the same lines and make the same mistake. Sympathy is essential, the getting inside the mind of those whose life we are proposing to guide. Another failure in sympathy results from the persistence with which the church, and especially the clergy, claim a kind of monopoly of spiritual teaching and example. Christians have got to recognise that it is not only, or even chiefly, by means of church services and sermons that the spiritual life is fed. Artists, playwrights, actors, poets, composers, are doing the same, and often doing it more effectually than the clergy.

This is why a good play or a good novel very often exercises more influence upon society than a sermon. Our preachers are suspected of having a sacerdotal axe to grind, they are hampered in their message by the forms and ceremonies and dogmas which they are bound by their profession to preserve and to use. They are not free to create like an artist or a poet. Too often they would not if they could. They tend to become inhuman and prudish and conventional. A certain unconventionality is essential for effective prophecy. Our Lord told us not to expect to find a prophet in a palace. A conventional church is a worldly church, or likely to become so. It catches the spirit of the world which it ought to reprove. The sympathy required is not a sympathy with the world, but a sympathy with humanity as it is. This alone can give us hope of a humanity that might be. St. Francis told his brothers to believe that the people around them who seemed to be children of the devil to-day would appear as children of God to-morrow. I think, then, that the way for the church to deal with the world to-day is not by denunciation, certainly not by denunciation without knowledge, but rather by entering into human life in all its departments in a sympathetic spirit; recognising the goodwill and good faith that lies beneath the surface of much that looks worldly; recognising its own failure and the causes of that failure to meet the spiritual needs of many in all classes; recognising that the situation has changed since the days when men could be expected to listen with absolute deference to the directions of the church. The church must not be afraid to criticise itself and its methods. When all thinking humanity is sceptical the church must be sceptical too, unless it is thoughtless. In fact, the world has got to be converted again to Christianity. The church must begin once more to appeal to the conscience as John the Baptist did when preparing the way for Christ. It is very doubtful if the multiplication of services and sermons of the conventional type, the building of more churches and church schools, the writing of apologetics, even the strivings after uniformity and external reunion, are nearly so powerful a means of contending with the world as the building up of a few good Christians, the gathering of small circles of good people in every walk of life, who will lighten the rest. The world will turn, not when it merely sees churches full of perfunctory worshippers, but when it feels that in the midst of its everyday life, its commerce, its politics and its amusements there is a heaven moving, an experience working.

CONCERNING "PARSIFAL".

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

WITHIN a few weeks tremendous things musical are to be done in London. Covent Garden, which ordinarily opens its doors at the end of April, this next year opens them in January. The copyright of "Parsifal" will have expired; and it is not for the Grand Opera Syndicate to get behind the rest of the world. This enthusiasm in what we used to call the

Wagnerian "cause" would have seemed more in place and have gained greater praise ten years ago than it will to-day; but, all the same, and although a big profit may confidently be looked for, yet one must rejoice that at last the English people, who have heard so much about "Parsifal", are to hear the work itself, and, above all, to see it. A biographer of Richard Wagner cannot but be filled with joy to realise that the "little man" is at length to be understood. No one who has not seen "Parsifal" can understand how that work was not the masterpiece, but the misfortune of the master's age. The prophets of musical criticism are generally wrong—and therefore I shall err not only in good company, but in the whole company of critics should my prediction prove wrong. My prediction is that in a couple of years no one in Europe will want to see "Parsifal" any more. The mystery and quasi-ecclesiastical atmosphere of Bayreuth excited the curiosity of thousands, and some hundreds at least were impressed; and the result was that tens of thousands flocked to see an opera as purely operatic as anything written by Meyerbeer, an opera that no one would trouble to witness in an ordinary opera-house.

"Parsifal" may, indeed must, be looked at from two different points. There is the story, the drama; there is the music. The story had been working in Wagner's brain for years. Even before he knew anything of the pseudo-philosopher Schopenhauer, he had pondered it; "Wieland, the Smith" and "Jesus of Nazareth" alike were in the nature of first sketches for it. Finally mad King Ludwig of Bavaria expressed his desire to see the work completed in a fashion to suit his (one is glad to think) unusual notions of sexual morality. Wagner obliged. His ancient virility had gone; his energy was used up; his faith in life was used up; he—most susceptible of mortals—was subject to the most mischievous influences that ever subjected a man of stupendous genius; and he finally shaped and completed "Parsifal". I ask the reader to bear with me while I rehearse the story of the opera, naked, without noble words to disguise ignoble thoughts and deeds. It has been called a Christian drama; it is neither Christian, nor Buddhist, nor Confucian. I have referred to it as Christian, but only with regard to its intention. It might be Fijian. Amportas, king of Montsalvat, has been wounded. His wound will never be cured until a Redeemer come. (The reader must remember that I use the term as Wagner applied it and with no thought of current philosophy.) Amportas is carried out to his bath, but the bath does him no good; the only hope is a "simple" that the "strange woman" Kundry has promised to bring. Kundry arrives with nothing—for very good reasons. She is the slave of Klingsor, the grotesque magician who wounded Amportas; and with the best wishes in the world she is powerless to heal the very man she assisted in wounding. The predestined redeemer, the healer, is the abject fool; he, knowing nothing, will learn all by sorrow and renunciation, and in some wonderful way will doctor Amportas's hurt—and then all will be well with the world again. The young fellow comes in and celebrates his advent by shooting one of the sacred swans of Montsalvat. An old retainer, Gurnemanz, explains to him his heinous offence; he has hurt a bird that never hurt him or anyone. Parsifal, the "pure fool", bursts into tears, breaks his bow and his arrows, and throws them away. Gurnemanz thinks that the man has arrived at last; and he takes Parsifal to see the love-feast. Parsifal comprehends nothing of it, being very much too much the "pure fool"; and Gurnemanz, indignant, turns the fool away from the place. In telling the story thus I am not making ridiculous fun of Wagner's story. I am telling it as Wagner tells it.

This truly Schopenhauerian business begins in the first act. The artless fool, who has nothing to renounce, renounces everything. What he has to do in the second act remains to be seen. He hates women; he hates men; he hates all mankind, and all that humanity means. He wanders into the wilderness; he meets there Kundry, still under the influence of

Klingsor; she tries to induce him to kiss her; he refuses—and what? The magic garden into which he has entered falls to pieces; he captures Klingsor's spear—the very spear that had pierced the side of Jesus. He promises redemption to everyone concerned.

In the third and last act he arrives again at Montsalvat. He is now the perfect fool. He has learnt that women must be avoided; the one thing necessary for a perfect life is the rejection of women; if you turn them out altogether all will be well. With the spear symbolising the rejection of women he heals the wound of Amfortas; the knights form in procession round the great hall; Parsifal enters with the spear; he heals the wound of Amfortas; Kundry dies; all is well with the world; no women are left.

This is the story. As for the music it must be divided into three portions. There is the "Lohengrin" part—the "Lohengrin" music, including the Good Friday music and some other parts of the last act. There is the music of the "Tannhäuser" period, which forms the main body of the opera. Last, there is the later Wagner music: splendid, grandiloquent, but devoid of inspiration. The many thousands of people who are going to Covent Garden to see a work that is, after all, interesting, may remember that it was, as Mr. Charles Dowdeswell recently said, conceived in Wagner's early time. Part of it was thought of in his "Tannhäuser" days—witness the third act. Much of it was thought of in the "Lohengrin" days—witness the Good Friday music. Almost what might be called a fourth specimen of his writing includes the dance of the flower girls. And what does it all amount to in the long run? An opera, sheer and simple; music: some of it pure and inspired, some of it crabbed and inspired; most of it mechanically made. It is all desolating and the sort of thing no man or woman wants to listen to. The voice parts are not real voice parts; they are notes which happen to fit in with Wagner's later harmonies. The whole work, so far as a moral teaching is concerned, must be condemned; and in so far as its music is concerned, it is only to be regarded as the decrepit work of a splendid musician's old age.

WE BRING OUR YEARS TO AN END.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

IT is not by mere mathematical chance that we divide our span of time into annual sections or keep a festival at the end of each year. If there had been no Christian or other religious feast, the heart of man would have devised some method of celebrating the end of his year, not in a mood of rejoicing so much as in a spirit of awe. We live in Time, but move through eternity. Time is our barque or raft, floating yet a little while on a shoreless sea, one heave and break of whose surface will engulf us in silence and invisibility. The dying year, the annual winding up and termination of small things is but a reminder of that ultimate winding up and cessation which shall bring all our years to an end. Is it any wonder that men, in the shadow of such thoughts, should seek the distraction and cheer of one another's company, or that in the menace of the surrounding darkness they should gather together in the lighted circle of the known and the familiar? Phantoms hover round us; someone or other of the company silently vanishes; heap up the fire for pity's sake, and smile bravely on those who are left!

Human and natural are our feasting and foregathering at this time; but the ending of things is worthy of a little attention on its own account, and is not merely to be avoided or ignored as a calamity. To the firm of heart endings are more solemn than alarming; are even, as I suggest, interesting. The end of the year has a far more dignified importance than can be derived from mere alarm at the passage of time. It is the natural pausing-place to which both in thought and action we have been hastening; where we hope to lay certain burdens down and to assume others in their stead. For all sorts of reasons it is a good thing to

recognise it and think about it; and as it is the business of literature not only to inform mankind of new things or new thoughts, but also to remind them of the old, it is neither unseemly nor unseasonable to write in these "ember days" of things that have to do with some other than the shopkeeper's view of the season. Our convivialities and festivities at this time are much exploited, and to not a few people the exploitation is painful and disgusting. But nothing outside him can vulgarise a man's own thoughts and reflections; and as *memento mori* is not considered a convivial sentiment, it is in meditation and reflection rather than in conversation or discussion that the moral or metaphysic of the year's ending must be savoured. Not in the busy streets or among the distractions of a commercial Christmas; not in the jolly company of our fellow-men and women; but alone under the sky, on the breast of some great down when the storm is gathering and the December dusk is falling, can we best understand that we bring our years to an end as a tale that is told.

And what is the tale? In the greatest piece of literature written on this theme, in which the Macabean, in one uncomparable psalm, sets forth the irony of human existence in the face of eternity, the emphasis is all on past time, the accumulation of æons in oblivion. A great wind seems to blow out of eternity, on which man's transitory life is borne away. The vanishing generations, the abiding God; the thousand years that seem like yesterday or a watch in the night; the centuries that are carried away on a flood, that become like a sleep, or like the dead and withered grass that a few hours ago was green and growing; our own far briefer years that are passed hurriedly in wrath and sorrow—what are they but the expression of a profound sense of awe at the ending of things, the clinging of human life to its poor Time-garment, and the nakedness and loneliness of the soul in eternity? The believer cheers his heart with the vision of a shelter from all this wrath and flurry and hurricane of ages; of more than a shelter—of an actual house or dwelling-place in the very person and providence of the Deity who ordains it; and, spanning the greatest compass of infinity that the human mind can achieve, is content to say, "Thou art God from everlasting, and world without end". For those who have not this faith, and to whom the dreary, whistling winds of eternity do but blow the generations before them like withered leaves, there is nothing for it but to turn back to the fire and the light and try to think, not of the chill abyss in which yesterdays accumulate, but of to-day and to-morrow; not of the tale that is told, but of the tale that is telling and that is still to tell.

But it is one of the comforting limitations of the human mind that we cannot conceive an ending without a beginning. As far back as is the retrospect of the imagination, so far forward is its prospect—from everlasting to everlasting. More than that, we cannot conceive an ending which is not also the beginning of something else. Out of the ripe and fallen fruit comes the seed; out of the living seed the green shoot; and even out of the dead and sterile seed some dust and stuff of earth that will in time feed and nourish a new life. This is a just and comfortable reflection to entertain at the end of the year. So many things that we begin well miscarry and come to an end; in that case the sooner the better, so that we shall have the more room and time and strength for the new thing that is to take their place. Almost every mature person knows what it is to have felt at some crisis or other that life had come to a dead stop; that the branch into which all its sap was running, and from which all its activities were shooting, was cut dead off. But although the wound bled sorely, the life crept back and sought another channel; broke, all green and valiant elsewhere, and found outlet and expression perhaps in greater strength and freedom—like that eternal life-tree Igdrasil, which, rooted in the kingdom of Death, ever branches, ever blossoms, so that its boughs overspread the highest heaven. And when you look back on such a break you will find that you think of it far more as a beginning than as an ending. Even in our seasonable festivities this truth is recognised. We

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gather round the Christmas fire and tell, not old histories or legends of the world's beginning, but ghost-stories; tales of what we shall be; of the world that even now beleaguers us as we sit round the lighted hearth, and of which every one of us is a predestined member. A little while, and we sit here telling tales and cheering ourselves at the blaze; a little while, and we shall be of the phantom world that floats in the shadows and—who can say?—perhaps looks on, unseen, at the ageing, time-ridden company that is being swept towards the condition of a sleep, and of a tale that is told.

Let us not shirk the fact; at least half of the grief and wretchedness that we experience in our lives comes of this business of ending. It is not only the ending of companion lives, but all the subtle and obscure deaths with which our path is strewn—slow deaths of hope, quick murders of trust and belief, and those other partings with the things we outgrow, the farewells which the mind takes of that to which the heart still clings, the total loss and shipwreck of things we looked upon as secure. Confronted with these in our stormy transition across the circle of light, there is but one spirit in which to face them—that of assurance that every end is a beginning. Every year, every day, every moment, we take everything that has been into our grasp, with the power to mould it into that which will be. It is, indeed, our only power, our sole material. The strength and possibility of every human being is that he begins again, that he stands upon the *débris* of the past, and is not buried under it. In that sense both endings and beginnings are one; they are Now; and the past and the future meet in the infinite possibility of the present. Thus I cannot sympathise with the people who sit down to make their souls and prepare themselves for death. That is surely a negation of existence, and reveals a state of insularity both from beginnings and endings. They are best prepared for death who are prepared for life; and they can make the best end who are ever ready to begin.

Platitudes, you may say. Well, kind reader, let me assure you that it requires a little courage to write platitudes in a day when the paradox is still in the fashion. But as this is the last opportunity which I shall have of addressing you here, I prefer to offer you, instead of inventions of my own, some sober and familiar and even commonplace reflections of this kind. For to these articles, in which week by week you and I have been communicating, I have now to write *finis*, and with the ending of the year they, like it, will have become as a tale that is told. I am anxious that the last impression they leave should be one, not of daring or brilliancy, but of sobriety and truth, and that we should part in a mood suitable to the moment. Many of my readers in various parts of the world have written to me from time to time words of friendship and kindest encouragement; and only a writer whose audience is invisible and unknown can understand how good and heartening such words can be. They are the greatest rewards of the literary life, and with all my heart I would express sincere gratitude for them. I am really just as proud as if I had deserved them. My wish is not for immortality, but for a suitably graduated oblivion; that anything in what I have written which has amused, comforted, informed, pleased, animated, awakened, enlarged, sobered, or quickened, be remembered with kindness, and that all else be speedily forgotten.

And as Farewell should be a word of cheer I would sum up this little homily on beginnings and endings in certain lines, far stronger than any I could write, of John Davidson, and so give you a brave tune to march on with from the Old into the New Year:—

Born, enamoured, built of fact,
Daily on destruction's brink,
Venture all to put in act,
Truth we trust and thought we think.
Nothing has been said or done:
Free from the forbidding past,
Knowledge only now begun
Makes an actual world at last.

Powers of Earth, of Heaven, of Hell,
Blent in us and tried and true,
By dynamic deed and spell
Forge and mould the world anew.

I cannot pretend that even in regard to what I have written in these historic pages I have carried out the spirit of the first of these verses. But it is not what men do, nearly so much as what they believe they ought to do, that makes their influence; and I say at this time and in this final word that this is a good spirit in which to make either an ending or a beginning.

THE OLDEST THING IN THE WORLD.

BY THE REV. CANON DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

THE language of Eden is said to have been Gaelic, and if Adam was really a Scotsman we may be sure he talked logic with our first mother. At any rate it was a Scot who, after hearing "*Paradise Lost*" read, asked what it proved. Again, logic tells us that it is impossible to enounce a fact, but only an interpretation; which I am sure no Englishman would allow, for the Englishman loves facts and loathes ideas—therefore the original logician cannot have been English.

I do not know about Eve; but when the first feminine Cabinet meets in Downing Street, is it not likely that a Bill for the disestablishment of logic will be one of its earliest measures? That is not to say that woman's mind is illogical. It is rather suprallogical; it gets there by the wrong staircase, or through the window, or down the chimney; but you find it there all the same. Most of us want to skip the syllogistic process as a schoolboy cribs the answers to the sums at the end of the book; but woman's shortcuts in reasoning are more like those of the lightning calculator. Sydney Smith said wittily of two wives wrangling from their cottage doors across the street that they would never agree, as they argued from opposite premises. But a technicality like that would never prevent two women from arriving at the same conclusion if they wanted to do so. The Oriel common-room, on the other hand, in Tractarian days "stank of logic"; yet agreement was not always reached by those powerful intellects. Those were the days in which an Oxford man, coming away from a sermon, could say fumingly: "The rascal made a fallacy in *Baroco*!"

In England logic occupies a constitutional position—it reigns but does not govern. Witness that gigantic example of the "fallacy of many questions" (*fallacia plurium interrogationum*), a general election. Witness, also, the subtle inductive processes by which our favourite newspaper discovers the explanation (the Baconian "form") of an electoral defeat. Nor does the august Principle of Sufficient Reason seem to be held in pedantic regard. A parricide once asked in a court of justice for mercy on the plea that he was an orphan. Much more simply and convincingly, he would now demand acquittal on the ground that he had a mob or powerful trade-union at his back. We used to be warned against the fallacy of cross-division. But educational undenominationalists now divide the nation into Churchmen and ratepayers, while democrats divide it into the People and the other people. Logical division rests, as everyone knows, on the principle of "excluded middle": the dichotomy, for example, which divides whisky into good and not good—only the Glasgow man said that there was no whisky that was not good. But majority rule—which is usually minority rule—excludes half the population from all intelligence and virtue.

If, however, we are not logical in our maturer judgments, at least we were punctilious logicians in our tender years. The infant Macaulay reasoned in the mood Barbara, with suppressed minor premiss, when, on discovering that a maid had disarranged the pebbles marking off his garden-plot, he burst out: "Cursed be Sally! For it is written, 'Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's landmark.'" The principle of negative causation was seized in the child's

essay on pins, which she said were very useful, as having saved many lives. Asked how, she replied, "By not being swallowed". Similarly, Whately once asked a surgeon why the operation of hanging is fatal. He replied: "Because respiration is checked, circulation is stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain". "No", said the Archbishop, casting about for illustrations for his "Logic", "it is because the rope is not long enough to allow the man's feet to meet the ground". It was by a bold inductive process that the small boy said that he understood French, for when father and mother talked French it meant that he was to be taken to the dentist. There was a fallacy, to be sure, in the excuse of the boy scout who returned without finding the cat. "Cats", he said, "have nine lives, and so may have nine hiding-places". True; but that should make it all the easier for puss to be discovered. On the other hand, that little girl was deep in the philosophy of Realism who, looking disgustedly over the edge of the sty, declared that the animal which Adam had named most cleverly was the pig. I can imagine her, however, growing up into a Nominalist, like a housewife whom I knew, who, having inadvertently labelled all her jumpots wrongly, insisted on the family regarding strawberry-jam as marmalade and eating black-currant as gooseberry, seeing that they were so intituled. Now the Houyhnhnms in Dr. Swift's allegory held it as impossible to say the thing which is not as for a thing to be what it is not. We seem to have got a long way from politics. It should be said, however, for the British politician that he has no intention of perverting truth. Even Highland salmon may occasionally have devoured a mangold-wurzel growing in a deer-forest. But political oratory is of the limited liability kind.

Englishmen are not greatly given to the fallacy in *dictione*, like that of the farmer who said gloomily: "The crops are below the average—as they always are". It must have been he who remarked that his pigs had not come up to his expectations—he never thought they would. Occasionally our detestable newspaper English is responsible for absurdities like "thunder rolling with a slowly diminishing crescendo". On the other hand, the "double-entendre which could have but one meaning" is a true description of all double-entendres. And the Englishman is seldom capable of bringing a smile to our faces by a real linguistic bull. Nothing indeed is less bovine than the Hibernian bull, that delicate product of a wit too nimble to trouble about the form of expression. If a man says that it is a pity we cannot wear our boots for a month before first putting them on, his meaning is perfectly intelligible. "Owing to the Fire—Business carried on as usual" looks funny, but is merely elliptical. If an Irishman ever did propose to save scaffolding by building his house from the roof downwards, he was living in some topsy-turvy land of fairies to whom such feats are a mere trifle. And the purchaser in the ironmonger's who, on being assured that a certain stove would economise half his fuel, replied, "Send me two, and I will economise it all", was doubtless only absent-minded. The Irishman does not want to economise. It was a countryman of my own who, in a London park, refused to leave the seat he was occupying for a better one on the ground that where he was he could hear two bands at the same time.

Americans are great at a certain kind of analogy. Goethe, remarked a Bostonian, was the N. P. Willis of Germany. A whole range of resemblances is thus revealed in a lightning flash. When, however, O'Connell said that the English character had all the qualities of a poker except its occasional warmth, the only quality he had in mind was stiffness. Yet a poker helps to produce heat as well as sometimes possessing it. "Keble", said Hurrell Froude, discussing the Oxford Movement, "lit the fire, and I poked it". Also, there are glorified "pokers". Oxford in these degenerate days has only yeomen bedells, but Cambridge appointed a real esquire the other day.

Hæc nugæ sunt. But perhaps seria ducunt. The serious plight, for example, of the voluntary schools under a system of extra-legal "administrative

pressure" from Whitehall—Swansea is the best-known instance—suggests a ghoulisn piece of reasoning. One can imagine the meaning looks with which the Prime Minister suggests the acceptance of the Education Department to some "parson-loving" colleague, who licks his lips in anticipation. It seems to recall the story of the parents who put their boy to the butcher-trade "because he was so fond of dumb animals".

FOUR TALES.

By LORD DUNSANY.

The Three Tall Sons.

AND at last Man raised on high the final glory of his civilisation, the towering edifice of the ultimate city.

Softly beneath him, in the deeps of the earth, purred his machinery fulfilling all his needs, there was no more toil for Man. There he sat at ease discussing the Sex Problem.

And sometimes painfully out of forgotten fields there came to his outer door, came to the furthest rampart of the final glory of Man, a poor old woman begging. And always they turned her away. This glory of Man's achievement, this city was not for her.

It was Nature that thus came begging in from the fields, whom they always turned away.

And away she went again alone to her fields.

And one day she came again, and again they sent her hence. But her three tall sons came too.

"These shall go in", she said. "Even these, my sons, to your city."

And the three tall sons went in.

And these are Nature's sons, the forlorn one's terrible children, War, Famine, and Plague.

Yea, and they went in there and found Man unawares in his city, still poring over his Problems, obsessed with his civilisation, and never hearing their tread as those three came up behind.

The Return of Ibrahim.

IBRAHIM BEN SULEIMAN, whom evil chance, and not the will of God, had sent to London, had returned again to his tent. Two jackals came out to yelp at it that evening down the face of the cliff, and his two white fox-like dogs and the one that he thought was a bull-dog went out to bark at the jackals. They soon returned to the camp; but seeing that Ibrahim was home again, and the jackals had come so close, and there was a moon that night, and one thing and another, they considered it better that they should bark all night. A violent wind arose and repeatedly beat the side of his tent against Ibrahim's head; his camel stank; his hobbled mules limped noisily, for they were close to the tent for fear of robbers; a cock or two crowed at midnight; but Ibrahim, long before that, had dreamily rubbed his chin and mumbled with infinite luxury, "At last one can sleep".

How Care would have Dealt with the Nomads.

AT a street corner I saw Hurry and Care.

"Let us come away", said Care, "to the tents of the Arabs."

"Quick, quick!" said Hurry, "there's not a moment to lose. The Nomads change their camps, and we shall miss them."

And Hurry rushed away towards the mountains. But he came back soon to Care.

"It's not that way", he said. "This way. Quick, quick!"

But Care went to say farewell to the folk of the city. "I will come back soon", she said, "for some terrible thing is soon about to befall you, and I wish to be with you before it happens to see what we can do."

She spoke to many that day, saying mostly the same thing, but to each she spoke as though she spoke but to him alone. Then she went through the town after Hurry towards the desert, greeting all that she met

in the hard ways as she went. And everyone bowed to her, for they all knew Care. To some she said as she passed: "Have you not left unlocked the door of your house? I fear that thieves will enter."

In the desert, so men say, they wandered long and did not find the Nomads. One day, with prying eyes and restless fingers, one day, with a rush of dust and wind and noises, Care and Hurry came back. And at a little civic dinner, that Money gave that night in honour of Death, one of the city's principal diseases asked them if they had seen the Nomads.

"Well, no", said Hurry. "No, we hadn't time. Besides, they're a lazy lot and not worth seeing."

And Care said, "No, they are a dirty people and, I fear, dreadfully rustic. No, we didn't see them."

Compromise; or, the Forgotten City.

THEY built their gorgeous home, their city of glory, above the lair of the earthquake. They built it of marble and gold in the shining youth of the world. There they feasted and fought and called their city immortal, and danced and sang songs to the gods. None heeded the earthquake in all those joyous streets. And down in the deeps of the earth, on the black feet of the abyss, they that would conquer Man mumbled long in the darkness, mumbled and goaded the earthquake to try his strength with that city, to go forth blithely at night and to gnaw its pillars like bones. And down in those grimy deeps the earthquake answered them, and would not do their pleasure, and would not stir thence, for who knew who they were who danced all day where he rumbled? And what if the lords of that city that had no fear of his anger were haply even the gods?

And the centuries plodded by, on and on round the world; and one day they that had danced, they that had sung in that city, remembered the lair of the earthquake in the deeps down under their feet and made plans one with another and sought to avert the danger, sought to appease the earthquake and turn his anger away.

They sent down singing girls, and priests with oats and wine; they sent down garlands and propitious berries, down by dark steps to the black deeps of the earth; they sent peacocks newly slain, and boys with burning spices, and their thin white sacred cats with their collars of pearls all newly drawn from the sea; they sent huge diamonds down in coffers of teak, and ointment and strange oriental dyes, arrows and armour, and the rings of their queen.

"Oho!" said the earthquake in the coolth of the earth. "So they are not the gods!"

THE RIDDLE OF PEPYS.

THE tradition of the dewy freshness of the Restoration, that freshness of which small trace may be found save in the music of Henry Purcell, has perhaps done something to kindle, to keep alive, to keep on the increase, the popularity of Samuel Pepys with the best class of readers; but it is very far from accounting for everything. The life of the seventeenth century, seen in Pepys's pages, is full of vivacity, adventure, and a sense of naive enjoyment; and Pepys has profited.

But his secret remains his secret. Here was a kind of Somerset House young man—"young" because he was only thirty-six when he wrote the last lines of the Diary—who, without conscious art, gets all the effects of the finest conscious art in pages meant for no eyes but his own; most of the best conscious and most conscientious art of his day has faded, perished, and can only be found by the curious in old editions or a chance reprint; and we turn to him again and again and are refreshed. Surely, one thinks, he must have had some reason for taking, to put the matter baldly, so much trouble. Later and more complete transcriptions of the Diary have indeed revealed many things: we approach no nearer to a revelation of why the Diary was written. Steven-

son's explanation is none—it is altogether too far-fetched; and the final words of the Diary itself are its fullest refutation: "And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave; for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me!" This voice, coming from the heart of a young man, is not the lamentation of one who regrets that, say, thirty years hence he will be unable to re-enjoy in memory the delights of his lost youth; it is the voice of one who sees himself actually losing something infinitely precious to him—else, knowing that what he had written would never be read, he would have left unwritten the final solemn phrases. Stevenson's theory does not hold water; yet there is no other, and it may be doubted if any other, ever so slightly plausible, is likely to be offered. The key to the riddle has been lost—or was there never a key, and is there not even a riddle?

We know, or at least we have been told often enough, why some men write poetry and why some women have tried to do so. If poets sing because they must, men paint largely for fame and profit and the pleasure of doing it, and musicians compose nowadays with the diabolical design of creating an uproar in the land. No man ever wrote a poem or painted a picture or composed an opera without the very definite intention of his work being read or looked at or heard. The object of Evelyn's Diary lies all too plainly visible on the surface—it was to him a storehouse of acquired, useful information, for himself and perhaps for others. But here comes Pepys once again, in a brand-new edition,* gossiping across two and a half centuries to generations he never dreamed would hear him, gossiping of things of no import save to himself, of things which, unless we credit him with conscious artistry, he could not have imagined would interest any save himself. How could it concern anyone if he carried on with other women and so got into trouble with his wife? What if under pretext of attending to his religious duties he went to church to feast his eyes on Court beauties? What if on some dry business matter he took boat up or down the river with Sir W. Penn or another? What if he waited on "my Lord Sandwich"? Least of all, what if he met the musicians of the day and formed his opinion of them? The whole Diary consists of self-revelation, and not least talk of music and of musicians. He knew the celebrated Captain Cooke and admired his musicianship and his voice, but soon did perceive him to be a most vain coxcomb; yet he notes the keen delight he experienced in spending a sort of musical afternoon in the company of that gentleman, and of some others, only whose names remain. The meeting took place, it hardly need be said, in a tavern—for Pepys, as well as the Chapel Royal "singing men", loved wine quite as well as they loved music. Cooke was a composer as well as a singer; more than once Pepys mentions going to church "where a fine anthem by Captain Cooke"; but he is chiefly remembered as the first instructor of the great Pelham Humphries and the greater Henry Purcell. Pepys mentions an anthem by one of the "children", aged between eight and ten years, and was told there were others who could do as well. The one he refers to seems to have been Humphries, on whom he kept his eye. The promising young man was sent to France by Charles II. out of the secret service money; during his stay abroad he is known to have studied under Lully, and nothing more; and he returned an "absolute musician", full of vain-glory and boasting and of talking of how he and the King were "mighty great". Of the great Purcell nothing is said—he was a child of eleven at the date where the Diary closes—but Pepys would appear to have been frequently in the company of his father or uncle—most likely the uncle, as the father died when the son was seven years old. One cannot be quite sure, for the uncle adopted Henry after his father's death,

* "Pepys's Diary." With Wheatley's Notes. London: Bell and Sons. 8 vols., 5s. each.

and thenceforth referred to him as "my sonne". We find numbers of enthusiastic, if naïve, remarks about church music—"where much brass music", "fine music on the word 'trumpet'"; but it would take a lifetime to elucidate the meanings of his talk about "operas". The entertainments called by that name were either masques, pure and simple, or spoken plays with "songs and dances", or masques or interludes; many of them have perished; all is guess-work, work hardly worth guessing about. Pepys considered himself something of a composer, for he practised music as well as enjoyed listening to it. He insisted on his wife learning to play on the theorbo; and one may fairly conjecture that the lady did so to please her husband, or from a sense of wifely duty, rather than because she shared his passion for the art that, he says, so "ravished" him. He took lessons on the lute and the "recorders"; and he composed a number of songs—which only a very daring vocalist would sing to-day—in public, at least. His reflections on music have on the whole perhaps the most purely autobiographical value of all the Diary contains. His determination to learn this instrument and that, his admiration for this piece or that, his ambition to do "as well" himself—could he possibly have anticipated that anyone would or could care a rap about it all, always assuming that he was not a conscious artist? Yet we are interested; and musicians will see in his love of the "recorders" a conclusive proof of his instinctive love of beauty in tone-quality. He liked the virginals, and when the people were removing their chattels in hot haste while the Great Fire raged he observed, clearly with pleasure, how many of these instruments lay on the barges; he liked the lute and the theorbo. But the mistress of his soul was the "recorder", a flute of rather peculiar bore, the sweetest of all the wood-wind family; and he went into an ecstasy of joy to hear a choir of them accompany a song of angels in an entertainment, the name of which we have forgotten. Composers following a little later would have none of it; they were all for brilliant effects and wanted more vigorous and powerful instruments. Pepys stuck to the old ones and thereby showed the fineness of his ear and sensitiveness to beauty.

And now, considering all things, what is the secret? Does it not lie plainly on the surface all the time we are diving into the deeps after it? He lived life with an extraordinary gust; he loved all things beautiful and curious; he was, if not vain, yet self-complacent; he wanted day by day to see himself as in a looking-glass, and by an instinct analogous to that which drives musical prodigies to music, he hit upon the idea of the Diary. There he saw himself and enjoyed the pleasures of the day doubly; and when he had to give it up it was "almost as much as to see myself go into my grave". The mirror was snatched from him, and truly half of him was buried; he was robbed of half his life.

A FARMER'S FIELDS.

ON the hill-slope in the sun
There his fields lie; every one
Glowes a jewel, where evening light
Stays its flight from dusk begun.

O'er them curved a crested height
Rims the east whence dawns the night;
High they climb this passing day's
Long clear rays to front aright.

By her door she stands at gaze,
Strange looks bent on olden ways,
In a silence newly grown
Waits alone while dark delays.

All their chequered ploughed-and-sown,
Spiny furze-bush, briery stone,
Through their changing brown and green,
Silken sheen, and blossom strown,

Under shine and shadow seen,
Joy to her and care have been:
Now they seem a cloud-veiled shore
With the roar of waves between.

"Many a time he'd look them o'er,
Late and early, from this door;
Many a time, heart-vexed and crossed,
See storm-tossed his little store.

"Aye", she says, "to bitter cost
Came against him blight and frost,
Rain and drought, and all the rest:
Try his best, 'twas labour lost.

"Oft-times ruffled like the breast
Of a kestrel-struck woodquest
Lay his feathery oats, for so
Wild 'twill blow from yonder west.

"Or a sea-fog, drifted low,
Left the 'taties row by row
Blackened; for one creel he'd fill,
Half a drill away he'd throw.

"Sure hard task he had to till
Just the bare side of the hill,
Let alone with wind and wet
On him set by the Lord's will.

"Still, proud man he was, if yet,
God be praised, good luck he met:
When his oats were fit to reap,
Scarce he'd sleep till out he'd get."

While she watches, o'er the steep
Dim white mists float down and creep;
From each field that shimmering lies
Brightness dies, as on they sweep.

These may lift 'neath dawn-flushed skies.
Mists that from the farmer's eyes
Hid his bit of land, though morn
Break forlorn, no more shall rise.

JANE BARLOW.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. REDMOND'S PROGRAMME.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sion Mills, Co. Tyrone,

18 December 1913.

SIR,—We Unionists have been asked by Mr. Redmond to have confidence in him and his followers, and all will be well for us: hedged in by all sorts of safeguards in the Home Rule Bill, such a thing as the ill-treatment of Protestants will be a matter of impossibility! Nothing is further from his mind! In fact, anything in the way of supremacy of one religion over another is hateful to him! What he proposes to give to Ireland is peace, goodwill, and equality for all—and prosperity as a matter of course.

But he has never yet told us how he is going to bring all this to pass. It is curious to think that—although so openly confident of the passage of his Bill—he has never yet announced to the public what will be his first political programme when—if ever—he takes control of the new Irish Government as Prime Minister.

In short, we want to know in precise practical language what marvels of legislation the new Parliament proposes to pass, which will raise poor, down-trodden Ireland from the dirt, and set her among the nations of the world.

I fancy Mr. Redmond will find this a hard question to which to give an answer which shall both restore confidence to the Irish Loyalists and at the same time appease the appetites of countless hungry Hibernians, so hungrily anticipating nice soft jobs, to be paid for by the rates and taxes gathered from the pockets of their more successful, and therefore hated, fellow-countrymen.

Nevertheless Unionist papers should harp on this question. Although we know that members of this Government and their followers do not trouble to explain their own inconsistencies, still a question like this—if unanswered—must show to the elector of average intelligence the insincerity of Messrs. Redmond, Dillon, Devlin and Co.'s claims to govern Ireland with a rule of justice and equality.—I remain,

Yours truly,
J. C. HERDMAN.

WOMEN AND PLUMAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 St. Thomas's Mansions, London, S.E.,

21 December 1913.

SIR,—In an article on the plumage trade in last month's "Nineteenth Century" there occurred this sentence:—

"The problem before the dispassionate bird lover is to find . . . some way in which, pending the ultimate civilisation of woman, a means may be found of reconciling her caprice with the interests of the bird world." If those of my sex who are not identified with the practice of wearing objectionable plumes allow this indictment to pass with a shrug of the shoulders, then proper indignation is dead within us. To say nothing of the cruelty and illegality which characterise the trade in plumage, if the present wholesale destruction of insect-eating birds is allowed to go on the insect pests will some day overrun the earth, and we shall be scourged as by an Egyptian plague because of the innocent blood we have shed.

The festival which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love is with us once again, and with it comes an opportunity for woman to show that she is not "uncivilised", but a being capable of using head and heart for the benefit of the human race. Every woman before whom this letter comes should make it known to the parliamentary representative of the constituency in which she lives that she wishes the Plumage Bill, which proposes to rid Great Britain of the odium of a barbarous traffic in beautiful and useful lives, to become law. It is not necessary to ask Members of Parliament to vote for the measure. Already the House of Commons is overwhelmingly in favour of it. The thing to do is to ask Members to take care that nothing is allowed to stop the progress of the Bill towards the Statute Book.

No woman need be deterred from taking this step because feminine sympathies are not incorporated in the legislative enactments of this country. Before to-day, woman's influence—"that gentleness which, when it weds with manhood makes a man"—has been utilised in the political arena to the great advantage of the State.

Yours very truly,
MARY BUCKLAND.

A MAFFICKER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

18 November 1913.

SIR,—I have been about twelve years wishing to outrage Little Englanders and Cosmopolites and all the highly proper sticklers and male prudes and pedants, and to proclaim myself a Mafficker pure and simple. It is rather late to make the confession to-day; but what has finally roused me to this is a reference I came upon only the other day to some foreigners who are alleged to be a kind of Mafficker.

No doubt a good many people drank too much on the night when the relief of Mafeking was announced in London, but a far larger number, who were enthusiastic and demonstrative, were not drunk. They were only aglow with perfectly healthy, disinterested patriotism. The patriotism may or may not have been crude, but it was perfectly excusable and perfectly honest.

I was out in the streets, and I saw the honest and natural joy of people of all classes. When the so-called Mafficking

spirit dies out in a people, that people dies out. Do let us have done with vain talk about the "vulgarity", and so forth, of this thing. The cant of patriotism, I agree, is a very undesirable thing, though I do not admit for a moment that Mafficking was cant; but, anyhow, there is a more wretched and fatal thing than that—namely, the re-cant of patriotism.

Yours faithfully,
A WEEKLY READER.

ONLY A PEAT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W.,

2 November 1913.

SIR,—There are only three infantry regiments in the British Army that have the honour of carrying more than two colours. These are the old 76th (Hindustan), which carries four colours, and the 74th (Assaye) and 78th Highlanders, with three colours for each regiment. The honorary colours of all these three regiments were won by hard fighting against odds in India, as will be seen by reading the following extract from a letter written by General Wellesley (afterwards the Duke of Wellington) in the year 1805:—

"The English soldiers are the main foundation of the British power in Asia. They are a body with habits, manners, and qualities peculiar to them in the East Indies. Bravery is the characteristic of the British Army in all quarters of the world; but no other quarter has afforded such striking examples of the existence of this quality in the soldiers as the East Indies. An instance of their misbehaviour in the field has never been known, and particularly those who have been for some time in that country cannot be ordered on any service, however dangerous or arduous, that they will not effect, not only with bravery, but a degree of skill not often witnessed in persons of their description in other parts of the world. I attribute these qualities, which are peculiar to them in the East Indies, to the distinctness of their class in that country from all others existing in it. They feel that they are a distinct and superior class to the rest of the world which surrounds them, and their actions correspond with their high notions of their own superiority. Add to these qualities that their bodies are inured to climate, hardship, and fatigue by long residence, habit, and exercise to such a degree that I have seen them for years together in the field without suffering any material sickness; that I have made them march sixty miles in thirty hours, and afterwards engage the enemy; and it will not be surprising that they should be respected as they are throughout India."

The above-mentioned splendid eulogy on the men who had conquered India is from the pen of "England's greatest son".

But there was a meeting of the East India Association lately, at which a paper was read on "Money Power for India". It appeared to prove beyond question how we have degenerated, since we now pride ourselves on giving the wretched Indian cultivator 15 rupees instead of 25 rupees for a sovereign's worth of wheat or of oil-seeds! I tried to make my voice heard against this iniquitous proceeding; but, as usual, I was not allowed to take part in the discussion, although I commenced by saying that I am "only a peat"—a Highland peat whose relatives served with great distinction in the old 74th, 76th, and 78th British Regiments. When I tried to prove that the soil of India is the best bank into which the ryot can put his money I was not allowed to finish my sentence, notwithstanding the fact that peat when enriched with nitrifying bacteria from the planter's indigo vat will revolutionise the agriculture of the congested districts of India. This will give work in this country and in the Falkland Islands to the descendants of the men who fought at Laswari and Assaye.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
DONALD NORMAN REID.

MISTRAL AND THE FÉLIBRIGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—M. Poincaré has visited Mistral and therewith gracefully acknowledged, in his official capacity of President of the French Republic, the importance of the part played by the reawakening Provençal spirit in the patriotic life of the whole of France. The influence it exercises must be patent to everyone who studies the evolution of French life and ideals. On a recent tour through the ancient Narbonne, winding up with Provence, comparing the new state of things with the old, as I knew it from former sojourns in that delightful region, I was struck with the magnificent work accomplished by the "félibrige" from south to north. I remember the days when the artists and literary men from the Midi, the "cigaliers", as they were called before their Société de la Cigale was transformed into the Société des Félibres, had to put up with a good deal of banter, not always good-humoured either, from their confrères in the "ville lumière". But they stuck to their guns, animated by the example of their leaders who, informally at Aix, in 1853, and then formally at the "castel" de Fonségugne, near Avignon, 21 May, 1854, had inaugurated the regenerative movement of the South, and proved the truth of the prophecy: "Le félibrige Provençal de Roumanille et Mistral sera un félibrige national."

More than anyone else, it was the latter who, after outlining, in his "Cant ti Félibre", the programme of that movement, contributed to its realisation, not only in his poetic quality, but also by his thorough philological attainments—witness his dictionary of the Provençal language, "Lou Trésor dou Félibrige". A true successor of troubadours like Arnaud Daniel, Petrarca's "grand-maitre d'amour", the warlike Bertrand de Born, that contentious adversary of Richard of the Lion Heart, and the gallant Bishop Folco or Folquet, that scourge of heretics, withal "totus venerens, liberalis et curialis homo", as Johannis de Serravalle styles him, Mistral succeeded in the restoration of "lou cantar provençaleth" to its place of honour where Queen Jeanne of Naples and King René of Anjou had failed. How far the seventy years' stay of the Papal Court on the banks of the Rhône tended to handicap the local speech and the "langue d'oc", generally speaking, in its free exchange with the "lingua di si", brought to perfection by Dante when he showed "ciò che puote una lingua", space forbids here to discuss. But it seems most fitting that President Poincaré, touring the southern provinces of the Republic, embraced the opportunity of paying a visit to Maillane, and of giving official sanction to the "félibrige" ushered in by the rallying cry: "Troubadours du Midi, triomphez par Mistral!"

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

J. F. SCHELTEMA.

THE ANGEL GOVERNESS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

November 1913.

SIR,—So long as Mons. Marcel Prévost's latest romance ("romance" in every sense of the term) appeared to be only the passing nine-days'-wonder novel, one refrained from giving it in any way an additional "puff". Now, however, that this wholesale libel on the teaching class has actually been staged as a play in Paris, and, according to foreign papers, "magnificently given in the Théâtre Marigny", one need hesitate no longer to express one's views openly about it.

Firstly, we would like to call attention to the fact that the book conclusively proves (even from M. Prévost's view!) too much; for it gives away the whole French nation—every class, apparently, of its people—as being immoral. The *Employers* of the "Guardian Angels" are without exception depicted by their compatriot author as being rather worse than the standard British matron has always thought "the French" to be; we hope his compatriots relish this.

Secondly, his (the author's) statement that the fathers and mothers are the competent, and only competent persons to direct the moral education of their children is entirely stultified by his consistently depicting and tacitly taking for granted that his countrymen and countrywomen are immoral.

Thirdly, that it is the duty of mothers to make every inquiry as to the precedents, manner of bringing up, etc., of the women they wish to employ as governesses, "anges gardiens," for their daughters, is such an obvious platitude that we should imagine even a French mother might have already thought of such a plan for herself.

Fourthly, that it is easier to find out such precedents as to character, etc., if anyone of one's own country is in question rather than any foreigner is absolutely unprovable. Personally, we should argue that more searching inquiries are likely to be made by any fairly sensible mother before introducing a foreigner into her establishment—but Mons. Prévost's "mothers" are not "sensible" perhaps?

Fifthly, the book is one long réclame of home-made goods as against foreign products, and is a gross attack on (at any rate as far as the English teaching class goes) a generally highly educated type of virtuous, hard-working women, and as such it should be duly resented and the matter taken up by competent and qualified authorities—not passed over with its besmirching of English-women's character.

And sixthly, until Mons. Prévost either retracts his loose and unfounded allegations regarding English teachers abroad or (quite as necessary!) restores some little confidence as to the moral character of those of his compatriots who wish to engage them as instructresses of English and English ways to their young, let no Englishwomen undertake such an apparently perilous task, and, at any rate, decline to do so *unless certificates as to "good character"* of their would-be employers are forthcoming, and given by qualified persons who are not themselves French. Such at least is the apparent and painful conclusion Mons. Prévost causes us to draw after reading his novel.

I am, yours faithfully,

RUTH EGERTON.

EDWIN DROOD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 December 1913.

SIR,—At about this time a stranger made his appearance in Cloisterham. It is with these words that Dickens introduces Datchery to his readers.

Now, what was "this time"? It followed closely on Mr. Crisparkle's visit to Staple Inn, during which Mr. Grewgious expresses "a fancy to have Jasper under his eye".

Almost immediately after this Mr. Grewgious tells Rosa Bud that Bazzard is "off duty here altogether for the present".

The mention of Bazzard's being off duty has no other meaning that is apparent, and its introduction would thus seem unnecessary.

Grewgious was evidently well posted up in Jasper's movement at Cloisterham. This would be easily explainable by his having an emissary on the spot in close communication with him. No other character in the book appears to stand in this relation.

Bazzard was dark-haired, and Datchery is mentioned as having, in contrast with his white head, black eyebrows. Bazzard was a would-be dramatic author, and would thus be familiar with the art of stage "make-up", and could easily procure the accessories for the purpose.

Datchery, when Jasper's lodgings were pointed out to him, gives them "a second look of some interest"—not unnatural in a stranger to the place sent down to watch.

For these reasons, the identity of Datchery with Bazzard has always seemed to me the solution of this puzzle.

Faithfully yours,

W. L. D. G.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hampstead, 27 November 1913.

SIR,—In the review of "A Great Mystery Solved," appearing in your issue of the 22nd inst., there appeared the sentence "no Britisher, so far as we are aware, has finished 'Christabel' or 'Denis Duval'". Are the works of Martin Farquhar Tupper so soon forgotten? With regard to the former instance, surely this once-popular poetaster attempted the very feat which you here indicate as being the unachieved. That he succeeded in "making a mess of it" is too well known to the students of the by-paths of literature.

Yours faithfully,

T. W. LITTLETON HAY.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 Rosemont Road, Acton, W.,

22 November 1913.

SIR,—You conclude your notice (15 November) of William Morris' Collected Works, Vols. XVII.-XX., with these words:—"The introduction to the volumes, taken together when the whole issue is complete, will amount to quite a full and intimate biography."

This embodies a very keen desire I, as, of course, very many others also, have felt that on the completion of this dignified and quite perfect edition these introductions, notes, and illustrations should be gathered together in the same format in one (or two) volumes for the behoof of those who, already owning complete sets in first or other editions, do not need this costly collected edition, but who do most emphatically need all this new matter and these illustrations.

Few Morris lovers can afford this collected edition, but all such would afford the one (or two) volumes needed to comprise this absolutely essential new matter, unprocurable in any other form.

Will Miss Morris and Messrs. Longmans take the hint and prepare for it in time, for it is certain of success financially?

Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK H. EVANS.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 November 1913.

SIR,—Clearly your critic did not enjoy Mrs. Wharton's "Custom of the Country", but Molière certainly would have. He regrets somewhere—I quote from memory, but I hope correctly—

"C'est dommage que la loi n'autorise

A changer de mari comme on fait de chemise".

Not long ago one read in many of our daily papers of a young lady aged nineteen, dwelling in Olivette or Joliette, County Kalamazoo, Mich., who had divorced her third husband. This sounds dreadful, but had you tried to live in that county you would not blame the lady overmuch. Life was, and probably still is, far from gay, and no excitement (within the law, of course) is grudged to the women folks when young. After forty American women rarely divorce—ça ne vaut pas la peine car plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.

CONSTANT READER.

BROCK.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wolsingham, S.O., Co. Durham,

18 November.

SIR,—All who love and are interested in preserving the wild animals of their native country will be sorry to learn that two dozen (or more) badgers have been killed in the hunting field during the present season by the following packs,

viz.:—Bramham Moor, Blankney, Pytchley, Warwickshire, Lord Middleton's, North Northumberland, Meynell, Cheshire, and the Marquis of Exeter's.

Though the badger has dwindled down almost to extinction in many parts of the British Isles, his restricted preservation is now assured, thanks to the efforts of certain well-known landowners. But that is scarcely enough. "The protection of the badger," remarks Sir Harry Johnston, "ought to be made universal in the law of the land, quite as much as in the case of interesting rare birds," and the sentiment is one which, it is needless to say, will receive the approbation of all thoughtful people. For the Briton the badger should have an especial interest, as he is the most powerful of surviving British mammals, and "one of the oldest known species of animals now living on the face of the earth," to quote Professor Owen.

No other animal has made such a wonderful struggle for existence. When brought up by hand, and kindly treated, the badger is perfectly harmless, and proves a charming companion. To consign him to the category of "vermin" is a mistake.

Yours faithfully,

JOSEPH COLLINSON.

CONDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park,

6 December 1913.

SIR,—I, too, am sorry that your reviewer misinterpreted my summing up of Conder's art, and I accept his amende honorable. As to his opinion on the artistic merit of "The Green Apple", well I suppose we must agree to differ. I think with this picture and the complete collection of the lithographs which the British Museum now possesses and—if it is possible to acquire for the nation good examples of the land and seascapes—the paintings on silk and some of the best fan designs, that Conder's exquisite art will give pleasure to many.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK GIBSON.

THE LATE DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lochnagar, Edenbridge, Kent.

SIR,—The family of the late Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace having invited me to arrange and edit a volume of letters and reminiscences, they would be thankful if those of your readers who have letters or reminiscences would kindly send them to me for this purpose. The letters would be safely and promptly returned.

Will Provincial, American, Colonial and Foreign newspapers kindly republish this letter?

Yours faithfully,

JAMES MARCHANT.

THE CURFEW BELL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hove, Sussex, 4 November 1913.

SIR,—The curfew bell is still rung every night in several places, but the custom is gradually dying out, and did in one town last week. Shakespeare describes the curfew as a "solemn" bell, and says many rejoiced to hear it.

Some authorities are of opinion that William the Conqueror did not make the fire-covering-bell law, but merely continued the custom under penalties, and it is stated to have been repealed by Henry I. in the year 1100.

In those days the fires were made in a hole in the floor, and they were put out by a cover being placed over them (couvre feu) when the family retired to rest.

I am, yours faithfully,

B. R. THORNTON.

REVIEWS.

A BISHOP OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

"Primate Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh: A Memoir." Edited by Eleanor Alexander. With Portraits. Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.

A CHILD is never the best biographer, and the daughter of an archbishop must be restrained by many pieties from the freedom which portraiture demands. Miss Alexander, despite the charming literary gift which her other books have shown, has scarcely given a coherent or distinct impression of her father. Nevertheless, the man is to be found in her pages, at least by those who knew him, and to many it will be a welcome memorial of one who, eminent in more ways than one, was pre-eminently lovable.

Not himself born to wealth—his father was a soldier who had turned clergyman—he was yet bred in a society accustomed to wealth and leisure, and Oxford confirmed the bent—more, indeed, than was desirable, for he went down heavily in debt. Oxford set another stamp on him, for it was the Oxford of Newman's day, and William Alexander came near to following that great teacher on the road to Rome; and though he stopped decisively, yet both Oxford and Newman left him penetrated with that sense of mystical beauty and that tenderness for symbols which mark off the Anglican from other Reformed churches. Under modern conditions an Irishman of his temperament and training would scarcely have sought orders in his own country; had he done so he would certainly not have become a bishop, as did William Alexander, at the age of forty-three. Democratic government in the Irish Church has meant less, and not more, freedom of teaching; and the result in his case, as Miss Alexander indicates rather than tells, was that, although the Bishop of Derry rendered high service in the fight against Disestablishment, the debates over the constitution of the disestablished Church and of its forms of prayer and worship estranged him from the main body at least of laymen. This man, so wonderfully endowed with eloquence, so full of personal charm, could scarcely at any time during the first twenty-five years of his episcopate have been described as popular, and at moments was the object of angry dislike—until suddenly, late in his life, the heart of his people changed. Miss Alexander makes her readers feel the pathos of that transformation and of its cause. Over the death-bed of a hymn-writer, whose simple verse had rung true on the lips of children, Ireland mourned with her husband; and his grief, like all his other feelings, was never of the kind to shut itself apart. Unconsciously in that interchange of sympathy all doubt and suspicion vanished; and Ireland has known no bishop more beloved than was, in his later days, this last of those whom Queen Victoria's Government appointed.

Once his fellow-churchmen let themselves be thawed by the warm airs of essential Christianity, it was easy for liking to grow apace. He was of those who make sunshine about them, for he loved the sun; he loved to praise and to be praised. Courteous and kindly everywhere, his eloquence never drew from the bitter founts of anger. In a country where men are terribly long-minded he bore no grudges.

It was his nature not only to feel but to give utterance to what he felt. Words came from him like music from the musician, and he wrote to his wife of the "pure and perfect pleasure" with which he had preached, for the first of many times, at Westminster Abbey. There was no vanity in his pleasure; he had the artist's conviction in what he was doing, as much as any Fra Angelico; and he had the artist's simplicity of heart. Nothing that is told of him in this volume is more characteristic than this. At the close of one of his sermons the gathered roll of his eloquence launched itself for a final effect upon a long-drawn quotation of some poem, stately and elaborate in rhythm, complex in thought, such as his marvellous delivery alone could weld into discourse; and in the very front of the congregation a child, tired out and frightened by the great voice and gestures, began to cry loudly, breaking the spell that he wove. But the

preacher, instead of leaving the pulpit in such annoyance as even saints may feel, paused when he finished, and then, bending over to where the child sat, with his face made beautiful by tenderness, repeated a poem that came strange to no child's ear—his wife's hymn, "Once in royal David's city"—and the crying ceased, changed perhaps into a bewildered wonderment. It was an impulsive gesture of the heart, which desired that a Christian service should draw all, young and old, into a communion of happiness.

The load of flesh which encumbered him from middle age onwards was an affliction to one who had an athlete's inclinations, was brought up at Tonbridge to study and reverence Fuller Pilch, and only just missed his place in the Oxford eleven. He kept the cricketer's wide-set, alert eyes, though, and the fine, humorous distinction of his face was never marred by his corpulence. Both he and his wife, in whose lives religion was like a music, had the faculty of laughter in no common measure, and this book preserves not a few stories from their repertory—stories especially of quaint sayings of Ulster folk. Perhaps the most characteristic in all ways is recorded of an old coachman in Derry. "Experience teaches fools", he was heard to say, "an' if his Lordship does what he's thinkin' on, he'll larn". There is a charming phrase, too, about a pet dog. "She's that wise, she bears malice like a Christian." These things, however, need knowledge of the local idiom for full appreciation; and not many of Mrs. Alexander's readers know how complete was her mastery of it. Very few better pieces of grim humour have ever been written than her ballad of "Stumpies Brae". The knack with words ran all through the family; father and mother, son and daughter, have given public evidence of it—and Miss Alexander notes that one of the greatest pleasures in her father's life was the message that his son had followed his example by winning the Newdigate. From the palace at Derry other things than sacred verse proceeded. As a dutiful biographer, Miss Alexander is righteously indignant that both palace and cathedral should have been searched for the stuffed figure of Lundy when the annual ceremony of burning that historic traitor had been prohibited by law. But the episcopal household, which had the knack of witty verse, was vehemently suspected of the pæan which celebrated the successful defiance of that edict:

"A was the Ardour with which we burnt Lundy,
In spite of the magistrates' noses on Monday.
B was the Bandroom of 'prentice boys bold,
Where Lundy was burnt and the bobbies were sold."

Both as bishop and as archbishop Dr. Alexander was a strenuous denouncer of Home Rule; but he was none the worse friends with his Roman Catholic neighbours. Especially at Armagh there was pleasant intercourse between him and the rival Heres Patricii; and this book tells, as might have been expected, how specially welcome to the Primate was Cardinal Logue's part in a combined gift to his daughter. Such mutual benevolence there has always been between the best of both churches in Ireland. There may be minds as good as William Alexander's in the disestablished Church of Ireland to-day; men like Dr. Darcy or Dr. Bernard are not less able, not less apt for the episcopal task, harder perhaps and stronger than he was. But the like of him will scarcely come again. That winning, popular eloquence, combined with grace and dignity that derived from an older, statelier, and more leisurely way of life, made a type distinctive of the period of transition, which those who had the privilege of entering his sphere of influence may be happy to have seen and known.

A DISCONCERTING WRITER.

"A Hatchment." By R. B. Cunningham Graham. Duckworth. 6s.

M R. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM'S clever preface serves as *hors-d'œuvre* to his original dish; and since he invites his critics to blunt the edges of their

wit upon it as "a horse champs upon the little rings put in a mameluke bit", we take up his remark thrown out about certain writers—viz., "that no one pays attention to anything they write". Will the best of his stories be hailed for what they are, classics of their kind, before or after his generation is under the turf? Of course he has always had his admirers, and the reviewers, we fancy, no longer lecture him for casting stones at our sacred British teraphim. But is he any nearer popularity than when he wrote "Mogreb-el-Aksa", that king book of Moorish travel? Of course, had he been a foreign writer, his work would long ago have been acclaimed and "introduced" to Englishmen by some pundit of the British Academy of Letters. Perhaps hailed as the "Spanish Loti", or by some such inept title, he would have been awarded the Nobel Prize, the logrollers concurring. But Mr. Cunninghame Graham's brows have been spared the laurels wreathed for so many of his countrymen's pates, from him who wrote "The Hound of Heaven" to him who wrote "The Hound of the Baskervilles". His isolation is no doubt a meaning sign of honour.

"A Hatchment", no less than "Success", is caviare to the common palate. Your eccentric Englishman who, like Clive or Rhodes, carves out a slice of Empire, or who, like Mr. C. M. Doughty, wanders with desert tribes, or who, as Browning did, sings of foreign nations, is an object of suspicion in his day, though in course of time he is claimed as a national asset. And Mr. Cunninghame Graham, in the hard brass of his perversity, insists on descanting on the life of folk, Spanish American and Moorish above all, who are notoriously outside the pale of British sympathy. Worse still, using this raff of foreigners wherewith to scarify our pride, he does not even make believe they have superior virtues. Thus in "Loose and Broken Men" he recounts the cow-stealings of a crew of wild-eyed, ragged Highland caterans who came violently under cloud of night to the dwelling-house of Isabell McCluckey, broke open the door and "took with them her own insight and plenishing". The time is 1698, on land in the barony of Gartmore, surely a scene deserving of romantic Scotch trappings à la the great Sir Walter; yet the writer fobs us off with a mere naturalistic account of "the geir" the rogues lifted, "ten petticoats, two bibles, two brass pans, ane pair of plow irons", etc., and a description, too real to be "poetical", of the path by which the mad herdsmen drove the "creacht" towards Aberfoyle. This will not do for the middle-class reader, and here we touch on a sore spot. The author possesses no pride of his (patrician) class. He writes about the foibles of his forbears, his aunts and uncles, with a bluntness that is Biblical and a levity that is Gallic. Both are ill-timed. Thus in "A Moral Victory" he starts off in a canter: "My Aunt Alexia . . . a type of the Yorkshire gentlewoman now long extinct . . . had a strong and wiry moustache". "Rather nasty!" interjected a lady before this reviewer could get forrarder with the tale. Again, his very titles are disconcerting—e.g., "A Belly-God", a story which tells how a starving secretary is left behind by the Minister of Costalarga without his pay, whereupon the poor devil ate up three cases of compressed food, horrid-looking stuff meant for soldiers' rations, cases that were stored in the Minister's study. The story would have delighted Maupassant, but Maupassant is tabu for British readers. Again, our author's spring of sentiment is innocent of that treacly flavour which we demand from writers born beyond the Tweed. How differently some of them would have handled the *dénouement* of "At Sanchidrian", when Miguel gallops home as fast as his Jerezano can bear him, carrying, for his dying father, ice begged from the attendants on the Sud-Express! The heedless author has missed the great effect—the dying father crossing the bar, lifting his eyes for the last time to bless . . . etc. Instead of this the note of pathos is struck in the exasperatingly low pitch of a Turgenev. And so with all the stories. "Los Indios", a brilliantly life-like picture of the raids made by Los Indios Bravos on the pampas from the foot-

hills of the Andes, is marred by the cool admission that Christian white girls, and even town educated women, were often carried off by the yellow coppery warriors and doomed to concubinage or slavery. What English story-teller ever before has confessed to happenings such as these? which, because they are unfortunately true, should for that very reason be suppressed. On page 125, in "The Pass of the River", there is an open allusion to the customs of a trade so Babylonian that every other English writer but Mr. Cunninghame Graham would scorn to speak of it. In fact, only in "El Rodeo", "Mist in Menteith", and the beautiful sketch "Anastasio Lucena" is the writer free from offence. And even in these, and in the little masterpiece of descriptive irony, "A Page of Pliny", the author comes perilously close to nature. That is what is the matter with him. He is far too close to nature, and though this quality and his brilliant wit will preserve his writings, his tone is lax, his manner too, oh! too familiar for self-respecting readers.

THE SOUNDING HORNE.

"Pulpit, Platform, and Parliament." By C. Silvester Horne, M.P. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

NO one else appearing to blow some musical instruments, they must perforce blow themselves. This book by Mr. Horne about himself takes about half an hour to read and cannot have taken many half hours to write. Mr. Horne speaks of Nicholas of Myra (Santa Claus) hitting Arius over the head at the Council of Trent—a slight slip of twelve centuries—he ascribes the saying about the devil having the best tunes to General Booth, and is so skilled in history as to claim Milton as a democrat and egalitarian—that supercilious oligarch who talked about the "blockish vulgar"—and the Pilgrim Fathers as inspired by ardour for freedom of conscience. "We of the Puritan ancestry" is a favourite phrase in this book. We wonder what those grim old precisians would have said of the sloppy, "non-credal" socialism of their spiritual descendants, or what Mr. Horne thinks he has in common with "my famous predecessor, George Whitefield". He gives a picture of the Angel of Freedom ridding the Pilgrim Church of his burdens. One is marked "dogmas"—not "dogmatism", as Mr. Horne softens it down on the next page. "The logical inter-connexion of certain abstract propositions has ceased to interest our people", he airily observes. We should like to hear the remarks of the founder of Calvinistic Methodism, or of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, on these points; also on the trite gibes at soul-saving other-worldliness. Mr. Horne is contemptuous of the merely "evangelical" Torrey-Alexander mission, "so loudly advertised and so barren of results". True Christianity consists in keeping the Liberal party in power and in purging the soul of every undemocratic thought. The following must, we fear, be a lapse. After fighting and losing an election Mr. Horne remarks: "No one has the smallest conception what bizarre and trumpery considerations determine the votes of men and women on issues that are almost infinitely great".

But Mr. Horne now writes "M.P.", and exalts his mitred front in Parliaments, if not in Courts. His sandalled foot is on the humbled neck of the House of Lords—but his history again is at fault in the picture of Oliver bidding a grovelling Peerage to take away that bauble (the Veto). Surely it was the other House that Cromwell turned out of doors; yet he is another spiritual ancestor of Mr. Horne. Mr. Horne defends his sitting, though a minister of religion, in Parliament—perhaps he thinks of Lacordaire in the Chambre des Députés. Let him sit, by all means, if he has the leisure—the Lords Spiritual in the Upper House, with whom he compares himself, spend, except the two Primates, but a rare evening there. Bright stigmatized Bishops in Parliament as adulterous creatures. Wycliff called them Cæsarean clergy. But Mr. Horne, a mediævalist malgré lui, pleads that "the

whole problem of Church and State is being re-argued". "Every political question is at its roots a religious question." Shade of the older Liberalism! Mr. Horne has to apologise for his congregation cheering the news of his election at Ipswich by the plea that it is the same thing as the acclamation of the Sovereign at his Westminster sacring! Again, Mr. Horne is a Congregationalist minister, yet talks about a Mother Church, Catholic and undivided. More mediaevalism, we fear!

Whitefield's, a kind of religious Whiteley's, is the centre of a maze of mixed humanity, where the hideous outcome of the commercialism with which the elder and logical Liberalism supplanted all human and wholesome relationships as "feudal" may be studied in its fullness. The "Tabernacle" is the best known and best advertised of the agencies which are struggling to retain this area for Christianity and for civilization. Of the many good works connected with it we desire to speak with all respect. Of Mr. Horne's own earnestness, energy and ability there is no question. But is it necessary to brag of them so often? He actually reproduces Sir Francis Gould's cartoon of himself as the Red Cross Knight slaying the Loathly Worm of all sin and wrong. The attitude of tolerance and charity, he boasts, "seldom or never fails us", in the Tottenham Court Road. Yet, speaking of the Balfour Licensing Act of 1902, he declares that "everybody knows that it was passed for the very purpose of making reduction slow", just at the time when magistrates were beginning to show a quickening of conscience. The powers of the House of Lords, Mr. Horne unctuously observes, were incompatible with "Christian righteousness". Perhaps he might remember that, regnant Victoria, one of the strongest upholders of what he calls the privilege of the few, was the great philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury. But this book reeks of a smug pharisaic self-satisfaction.

"WHAT SHADOWS WE PURSUE!"

"The Valley of Shadows." By Francis Grierson. New Edition. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. Lane. 5s. net.

THIS book is an intimate account of religious and military events which came under Mr. Grierson's notice as a boy, in Illinois, during the late 'fifties and early 'sixties of last century. Abraham Lincoln and General Grierson, a relative of the author, are among the characters, and some care has been given to a portrait of Lincoln at Alton in 1858:

"And now Abraham Lincoln rose from his seat, stretched his long, bony limbs upward as if to get them into working order, and stood like some solitary pine on a lonely summit, very tall, very dark, very gaunt, and very rugged, his swarthy features stamped with a sad serenity, and the instant he began to speak the ungainly mouth lost its heaviness, the half-listless eyes attained a wondrous power, and the people stood bewildered and breathless under the natural magic of the strangest, most original personality known to the English-speaking world since Robert Burns. There were other very tall and dark men in the heterogeneous assembly, but not one who resembled the speaker. Every movement of his long, muscular frame denoted inflexible earnestness, and a something issued forth, elemental and mystical, that told what the man had been, what he was, and what he would do in the future."

A little later Mr. Grierson attributes "psychic radiance" to Lincoln, and a large and important part of the book is an attempt to present "scenes and incidents" in the history of those years "which nothing but the term 'mystical' will fittingly describe".

Mr. Grierson has the advantage of being free to draw upon childish memories and upon histories also, and to give known events an authentic touch of magic. Thus he describes a spring Sunday at St. Louis in 1860, how:

"From the throng of elegant women there came now and again a passing whiff from the orange groves

of Louisiana; from old family prayer-books with golden clasps, saturated with the faint odour of old rose-leaves, there emanated an overpowering sense of the frailty of wealth, the inutility of fashion, the fatality of beauty, which in some mysterious manner came with a presentiment of languid decay and predestined calamity."

But here it may be seen that his memories are either not lively or that he has preferred to obliterate them with those literary graces which have already been praised by Maeterlinck and Mr. Arnold Bennett. He is really best in his dialect conversations, which cannot be memories, and with the help of them he makes some of his chapters—those, for example, depicting the movement of the religious wave—impressive. They would have been still more impressive had it not been obviously his intention that they should be so. Despite his interest in what he defines as "psychic", his writing does not possess that quality; he asserts that a simple preacher kept a congregation at boiling point, and that "a subtle, permeating power took possession of the congregation"; that a man opened up for him "a world of things and influences about which he had never dreamed"; that flowers had absorbed "something, I know not what, that belongs to dreams and distance wafted on waves of colour from far-away places"—he makes these assertions without any other claim on our belief. And this is the more remarkable in that he has a touch so naturally thin and abstract that when he tells us his mother placed "the coffee and other good things on the table" there seems in reality to be nothing on the table. This touch is a grave disadvantage in handling the largely visual memories of a child; but it is overcome, in descriptions like that of the Indian "Dance of Death", often enough to make the book interesting. The thirteen coloured illustrations are a considerable and necessary addition.

A POET OF THE LOTUS.

"Sadhana." "The Crescent Moon." By Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan. 5s. and 4s. 6d. net.

MR. RABINDRANATH TAGORE has in the last two years rapidly risen in the esteem of Europe—more especially of England. His late winning of the Nobel prize astonishes no one who realises how quickly a reputation is made by poet philosophers who are in tune with their generation. Mr. Tagore's success, like the success of M. Bergsen, is due to his catching the mind of Europe on its recoil from materialism. Perhaps the most popular philosophic thing in Europe to-day is a vague restoration of God and the soul in terms of biology or of mysticism. Mr. Tagore, interpreting Upanishads of the East, has hit a happy hour for filling the aching void of Europe, and he has met a correspondingly high reward. He is the most successful medium of our time between East and West.

Inevitably, Mr. Tagore suggests M. Maeterlinck. Like the province of M. Maeterlinck, that of Mr. Tagore lies nearer to poetry than to philosophy. M. Maeterlinck, as a small poet playing with abstract ideas in the way that Shelley played with the cloud and the star, is often tolerable, and sometimes catches at the skirts of beauty. But M. Maeterlinck, the philosopher, playing at thought, is vague and shallow. The Charlatan peeps through the garments of a philosopher, who, we instinctively feel, has not done a day's hard thinking in his life. Mr. Tagore, too, plays poet better than he plays philosopher, even though, as a philosopher, he has an advantage over M. Maeterlinck in being the interpreter of a wisdom not his own. Thus, when Mr. Tagore essays to define or to describe "soul-consciousness", the rock of his system, he tells us "how the touch of an infinite mystery passes over the trivial and the familiar, making it break out into ineffable music. The trees and the stars and the blue hills appear to us as symbols aching with a meaning which can never be uttered in words". A sentence further on he asks: "What is this state? It is like a morning of spring, varied in its life and beauty yet

one and entire. . . . The breach between the finite and the infinite fills with love and overflows: every moment carries its message of the eternal; the formless appears to us in the form of the flower: of the fruit; the boundless takes us up in his arms as a father and walks by our side as a friend". This, frankly, is mere favour and prettiness, and Mr. Tagore's books are full of it. It is not thought. It is the easy flowering of a contemplative mind into figurative expression; and, as this, it is just bearable, and of course immensely soothing to the multitude who like smoothness and non-resistance—images and ideas which are comfortable rather than stimulating.

Instinctively we think of these mystical poet-philosophers as merely players. They are the idle fruit of an idle time, coming into a period which seems as if it rested before pushing into further adventure. Like M. Maeterlinck, Mr. Tagore, in his poetry as in his philosophy, appeals to the lazy folk. His words are comfortable so long as we do not trouble to ask what they mean. His poetry is mild and beautiful so long as we do not trouble to perceive that no stress of imagination, no wrestle with God, has stirred its contented murmur, or sounded a challenge to the brain and soul of the reader. Open one of these small volumes and read that "a young pale beam of a crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps". We feel as though, mentally, we were sinking into a pile of cushions. There is nowhere an arresting word, or an image that strikes against the mind's eye and is seen starkly clear. The sentence just murmurs along and falls recumbent. Read a hundred of such sentences, and we are soon at ease pillowed upon dulcet metaphors, warm beneath a coverlet of poetic pearls and flowers and all pretty things. Nothing hard or harsh is here. The world where creatures work and suffer, and are taken by the throat with wonder or pain or delight, recedes infinitely. We are upon the afternoon shore of the lotus-eaters.

ART CONDENSED.

"History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting." By James Ward. 44 Illustrations. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

IS the technique of painting historically important to any but experts and painters? For that matter we might ask is it tremendously important, as a business of historical research, to artists. Technique is indispensable as an equipment and a means to the man who uses it, but the last thing he wishes to emphasise. It is carpentry, grammar, component parts; it bears the same relation to the accumulated effect that separate notes and chords and bars bear to a symphony. An inventory of the bars or notes and chords that occur in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony would be a sterile undertaking if one wanted to communicate the effect of the whole; it would be equally futile to make a list of the colours Botticelli used when discussing his Truth in the "Calumny of Apelles," or the three women who perform that mysteriously significant and ritual measure in the "Primavera". The whole attitude of breaking up a work of art, dissecting it and laying bare what we might call its secret technical mechanism, is profitless. This technical mechanism was in a way unconscious and only important when co-ordinated; it is meaningless when inventoried.

But examiners go up and down requiring of their victims lists of unrelated facts. Hence the need for text-books that tabulate the principal features in works of art and compile the results of antiquarian research. But artistic significance, the living cause, meaning and effect of Art, is only obscured by this quantitative treatment; writers whose imagination can overstep mere erudition and quicken ancient Art to life are not too common. Mr. Ward, whose book is mainly meant for students, condenses the history and methods of ancient and modern painting into 250 pages; in part he attempts a skeleton outline of painting, devoting ten

pages to Egyptian, twelve to Chaldaean and Assyrian, as many to Persian, and so on through Greek, Roman and Byzantine painting and decoration, and in part he touches on technical methods, discussing colours, varnishes and vehicles. In the first part he dwells longest on mosaics in a semi-descriptive, semi-critical attitude that vaguely reminds us of Baedeker. We do not imply anything disparaging by this; for what other course is open to the text-book writer. To get the maximum of facts into the smallest area necessitates rigid sticking to business and elimination of all larger issues. Thus we learn that the mosaics of Sta. Constanza, near Rome, are among the oldest in Italy; they belong to the school of ancient art and represent various little figures engaged in the vineyard: they are in natural colours on a white ground and almost identical with the decoration in the Catacombs of S. Calixtus. Then we pass on to the next church, listen to a description of the composition of its mosaics, and so on through the list, without pause and consecution. This businesslike and strictly utilitarian plan is probably the best for its purpose—a kind of tabloid education that shall satisfy examiners. The technical part of Mr. Ward's book is equally serviceable and compact. Technical facts and processes need no more than clear, bald statement. To complete the practical value of his work the author should have included a chapter on the requirements and conditions of modern fresco painting, for which he refers us to an earlier work. His advice as to colours, varnishes, etc., is sound, and the short history he gives of various pigments is relevant and instructive.

A MAÎTRESSE-FEMME.

"The Duchesse de Chevreuse." By M. Louis Batiffol. Illustrated. Heinemann. 10s. net.

IS it an achievement to have written a volume about a chief personage in the days of Richelieu and Mazarin—an intimate of Buckingham and Anne of Austria, a guiding star of the Fronde—and yet never to have mentioned the name of Alexandre Dumas? If it be, M. Batiffol can claim it, but we shall not emulate him. For, in truth, out of ten persons who may be drawn to this book nine will want to read it as a commentary on the life of the Musketeers. We in this country perhaps rate Dumas higher than he stands in France, just as Byron has more admirers on the Continent than at home. For us, at any rate, Dumas has supplanted history; he is so much more real. Yet, after all, what Dumas makes credible and actual is only what M. Batiffol leaves incredible and shadowy. When we read Dumas we can believe that a lady, by her personal fascinations, was able to turn back armies or to set them in motion. But when M. Batiffol tells us that in 1652 Mme. de Chevreuse "interposed herself between the French Comte and the Duke of Lorraine and induced him to march his 5,000 men home again", we ask how it was done. A quarter of a century earlier, when she was twenty-seven, and first came to Lorraine's rather Germanic court, bringing all the beauty and all the tone of Paris, the results explained themselves; but at fifty-two! She had, however, in that quarter of a century acquired surprising experience in dealing with men. Only—and here is our trouble—M. Batiffol gives us no sort of insight into the methods she employed. A monograph of this sort ought not merely to relate a series of occurrences in a lifetime: it ought to indicate the springs of action and the sources of power.

Probably the truth is that under a system of personal government inordinate power is often bestowed by a mere chance liking, and the lightly come by is lightly used. Mme. de Chevreuse would seem to have been one of those who valued not so much what could be attained as the process of attaining it; and she used the power which she held as if merely for the sake of using it. What stimulated her propensity was the ascertained knowledge that she could do anything with impunity. In 1625 she did her best to promote an intrigue between Anne of Austria and Buckingham, and succeeded at least in creating a precious scandal.

This was only a beginning. In 1626 she was concerned in a plot to depose, if not to murder, Louis XIII. Chalais, through whom she had worked upon Gaston of Orleans, was her mere tool, and Chalais went to the block, not without disclosing the full measure of her complicity; yet the utmost that could be attempted against her was banishment, which she anticipated by crossing the frontier unbidden, and there so wrought that, after embroiling half Europe, she was allowed back again to France within the twelvemonth.

What a life she had, first and last! Married at seventeen, she was immediately appointed superintendent of the household to the Queen—of her own age—her playfellow almost, if that be not too innocent a word for the amusements which they shared in. At twenty-two she was a widow with four children, but still full of girlish high spirits, and she led a piece of romping in which the Queen stumbled and fell (against the throne), and so brought on miscarriage. Mme. de Luynes found herself in disgrace, and, as a way out of it, insisted that the Duke de Chevreuse—on whom she had strong claims—should marry her out of hand. He was more than twenty years her senior, but never sought to exercise the least authority. She quite frankly, and without the least concealment, chose lovers. Four at least in the long list were Englishmen—Holland, Buckingham, Montague, and a less important emissary of state, Craft. What is more, all of these seem to have been distinguished by her for the sake of their beaux yeux—without any political motive. If she was kind to Englishmen, England was always kind to her, save during the Civil War, when Parliamentarians refused her leave to land. That was when she was fighting Richelieu; in the days of Mazarin Spain and Flanders were her ports of refuge. But from the majority of Louis XIV. onwards, things began to be done with a harder hand, and she had the wit to perceive it. Retiring peaceably to her home with the last of her lovers—who stayed with her till his death—she ended life religiously at the age of seventy-nine. And if only Dumas had written her biography, instead of M. Batiffol, what a wonderful book it would be! But he would have needed a hundred volumes.

ADMIRAL DEWEY.

"Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy." Constable. 14s. net.

THE name of Dewey figures on a docket of Windsor County Court as that of one who serenaded a prayer-meeting in the year of grace 1854, and thereby broke the peace of Woodstock. In years to come that docket may attract more worshippers than many prayer-meetings, for the annoyance it brought to "poppa" prompted Dewey Senior to make the United States a gift of the offending George.

On leaving Annapolis young Dewey got his first glimpse of a larger world in the Mediterranean, and after gaining further seafaring experience in the Caribbean and Gulf, passed his final and was appointed to the *Mississippi*, an old vessel that did some good work for the Federals before she met her fate in the river which supplied her name.

When the Civil War began the *Mississippi* was detailed for blockade duty in the Gulf and remained there until Farragut arrived to push matters and make sure of New Orleans before the Confederate ironclads were serviceable. In the dash past Forts Jackson and St. Philip, Dewey acted as executive officer of his ship and showed courage and readiness to accept responsibility worthy of a veteran. The following year Farragut determined to get his fleet past Port Hudson; this gave Dewey another opportunity to prove his mettle; the passage of the bend cost Farragut dear, and the *Mississippi* was part of the price paid. Her executive officer survived to fill the rôle of Prize Commissioner at New Orleans until ordered for duty afloat in the sloop *Monongahela*. From the *Monongahela* Dewey passed to the *Brooklyn*, thence to the *Agawam*, a river-steamer which helped to pound the batteries at Four-mile Creek. The next move carried

him to the *Colorado*, a big frigate with better guns than discipline. The conduct of her crew during the attack on Fort Fisher showed him to be the right man in the right place.

On the conclusion of hostilities the United States slept, and Dewey, with pardonable impatience, watched foreign navies grow apace. Whilst stationed at Newport he obtained a step in rank, but had to wait until 1884 for promotion to captain. At last the period of drift ended, and being called to take the Bureau of Equipment in 1899, he set about making up lost time; four years later he became President of the Board of Inspection and Survey, and in 1896 was promoted Commodore.

When the command of the Asiatic Squadron fell vacant he hoisted his broad pennant in the *Olympia* at Nagasaki. The war-clouds were gathering fast, but the gentlemen of tape refused to see them, and if the new Commander-in-Chief had been equally blind he would have arrived on his station to find he had not even a proper allowance of peace ammunition. Through no fault of his the available supply of ammunition for the engagement in Manila Bay did not exceed 60 per cent. of the capacity of the shell-rooms of his ships.

Without a base, and 7,000 miles from home, the problem of how to tackle the Spaniards looked nasty, but Dewey had his own war-plan and hastened to execute it; the story is matter of common knowledge. As usual, the Spaniards were napping; in defiance of naval opinion, Subig Bay had been left to take care of itself; no attempt was made to turn its strategic situation to advantage, and the attacking fleet had nearly passed the batteries commanding the entrance to Manila Bay before El Fraile opened fire—altogether three shots were fired; Caballo, Corregidor, and Punta Restinga did nothing. Although the approach of the Americans had been reported in the morning, it appears the men were on leave. On the very evening before the battle Admiral Montojo attended a reception five miles distant from his flagship and was driving back as Dewey led through the Boca Grande; many Spanish officers only reached their vessels after fighting had begun. The Spanish fleet destroyed and Cavite secured, men-of-war of various nationalities came on the scene and the Germans tried to make the Commodore's position difficult; his firmness in upholding belligerent rights and satisfactory discharge of important duties, military, administrative and diplomatic, incidental to the situation created by the Spanish collapse, deserve the lasting gratitude of his countrymen.

An autobiography should reveal the autobiographer. The admiral's pen provides the portrait of a strong man, masterful, fearless, and self-reliant, a born leader, a capable seaman, and no mean diplomatist.

A MEDLEY.

"The Reminiscences of Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Edited, and Amplified by Homer Saint-Gaudens." Melrose. 2 Vols. 25s. net.

THIS is a long book, compounded of three strands. When he was ill Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, wrote his reminiscences to pass the time; his son, Homer Saint-Gaudens, has added "amplifications" in a smaller type, and various letters from and to all sorts of more or less known people help to make two volumes. The result is that we get chapters with headings of which the following may be taken as a specimen: "A New York Decade, 1857-1867 . . . American Art Previous to 1848—The Fork in the Road—The Merit in Rigorous Training . . . Lincoln's Assassination—More Lady Loves—Preparations for Europe". On the whole there is little more in the text than in the—we had almost said "headlines"—and indeed the portraiture of men and things and history is not much more significant than what the newspapers could give us. We turn to the murder of Stanford White and find that the sculptor was greatly grieved at the death of his architect friend. A little more expressive,

because done a little more neatly, is an account of a conjuror who failed to make a canary fly away; and the entry of Victor Emanuel into Rome is a snapshot of quite good quality. We are told that Saint-Gaudens did not want to write these reminiscences at first, because he knew the shoemaker should stick to his last; we are also told he had a horror of introspection and "art-talk"; we do not grumble at not getting a serious history of American art or a profound autobiography. We simply ask, as we might ask of many such books, what have we got at all?

The Paris student section might stand for the raw material of parts of Du Maurier's "Trilby", in particular the passage which tells us how Saint-Gaudens entered Jouffroy's atelier and sang the Marseillaise in English. The sculptor, like so many other American artists, showed his worth in going back to his native land and ploughing upon a stony soil. He made a big name and received many commissions, though, like Mark Twain, with whom we have heard him compared for value, he had hard times and misfortunes, one of the latter coming towards the end of his life in the burning of his studio. He became a teacher, and here his fear of theory served him well. His attitude towards theory was either extremely modern or quite ordinary—it depends on what you choose to read into his mind and words. His son writes, "Art and sculpture . . . frequently seemed good or bad to him only through the presence or absence of a peculiar power exceeding the reach of definition". So many moderns come ultimately to that position, not saying that there is no law, because there is a most tremendous law, but rejecting one by one, the more they know, the little laws or catchwords that sooner or later do break down. In class he had a few, of course, but it was probably due to his fear of any of them that he safely adopted the rule that a class was for craft and not for art; he insisted on absolute fidelity to the model; and he pointed out that the very men who most opposed the academic ideal had owed their freedom to their academic grounding.

If this review is a medley it takes its atmosphere from the book, its subject. Two or three Stevenson letters are printed and the sculptor's relief of the author reproduced. Saint-Gaudens, perhaps, never became a great sculptor, and the camera can tell us little about his work; nevertheless, we can see the enormous advance from the dull "Hiawatha" and affected "Silence" to the later "Christ". Faith and seriousness were what ensured the advance. Life had for him a serious connection with his art. He observed that a West Indian walked with his toes straight, or almost turning in, and he preferred this to the ordinary school-marm perversion. Natural beauty is closely connected with utility, and both a trained athlete and a natural animal run with straight and not out-pointed feet. All the same, we have lately seen the photograph of a negro boy game-beater with his toes in a position to please any teacher in a girl's dancing and deportment academy. Saint-Gaudens would not have bothered. He would have said, "I know it is not right".

HISTORY IN MONOGRAPH.

"The Cambridge Mediæval History." Vol. II. "Foundation of the Western Empire." At the Cambridge University Press. 20s. net.

AS a collection of systematically arranged monographs, this volume is better than its predecessor. It suffers less from overlapping of the various chapters; it is on the whole confined within more definite chronological limits than the first volume, although there are chapters on Keltic and Germanic Heathendom and on the Expansion of the Slavs which take us back into an indefinitely remote past; while the great variety of style, historical method, and mental attitude revealed by the twenty-one contributors only make it the more interesting. We range with pleasure from the careful chronological minuteness of Mr. Brooks to the easy flowing style of Professor Burr, and

from the tough solidity of Professor Vinogradoff to the bold speculations and brilliant compressed lucidity of Dr. Peisker. The volume opens with the accession of Justin in the Eastern Empire (519 A.D.) and that of Clovis in Gaul (481 A.D.); it closes with the death of Charles the Great in the West (814 A.D.) but does not bring the history of the Eastern Empire beyond the accession of Leo the Isaurian (717 A.D.). This last date, therefore, marks the point at which Professor Bury and the editors consider that the history of the Eastern Empire may be separated from that of Western Europe and reserved for a separate volume, the fourth of the present work.

The present volume furnishes an explanation of their decision; for one of its main topics is the severance of Western from Eastern Europe, which took place during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries. It begins with the last great effort of the old Roman Empire to recover, or (more accurately from the purely formal point of view) to retain its Western Provinces; this attempt is described by Professor Diehl in two valuable chapters which we feel would read more naturally in French; despite all superficial appearances to the contrary, French modes of thought harmonise much less naturally with the English language than German modes. It ends with the establishment, admirably and authoritatively described by Dr. Gerhard Seeliger, of a new Roman Empire in the West, and incidentally mentions its formal recognition by the Eastern Emperor, Leo V. This development, or at least the separation of East and West which it implied, had perhaps been inevitable since the accession of Leo the Isaurian or earlier. It was due to many causes. The continued plunder and occupation of so many formerly rich Roman provinces by the barbarian tribes had left the Empire unequal to the financial burden of an administration spreading over East and West alike. In the East again, as Professor Becker points out, "from the third century onwards the Semitic element begins to stir beneath the Hellenistic surface", and this tended more and more to produce a sharp religious differentiation between East and West which expressed underlying national or racial oppositions. Thus the Eastern Emperors found themselves compelled to choose between their Eastern and their Western subjects in religious policy. Their empire was a borderland in the religious as well as the military sphere. They had saved themselves from the worst dangers of Teutonic immigration by reliance on their warlike Oriental mountaineers. With eyes turned ever more definitely eastward, they now laboured vigorously for the conciliation of the Monophysite Orientals, even though the cost was the complete alienation of the Chalcedonian West.

The theological controversies of East Roman history are given by Mr. Norman Baynes and Mr. Brooks from Justinian to Leo the Isaurian, and by Dr. Foakes-Jackson in his chapter on the Papacy. These controversies, too often dismissed with contempt as hair-splitting and unimportant except as evidence of national decay, were really of the greatest importance both from a religious and from a political point of view. Christianity had conquered the Oriental, Greek, Roman, and Teutonic worlds because it alone of all the contending religions could supply that mutual adjustment of divine and human, mysterious and intelligible, Eastern and Western elements which was a spiritual necessity for the Mediterranean world in the early centuries of our era. The conquest was, and is, incomplete; the adjustment was not a stable and stationary thing which could be left to maintain itself, but must be maintained if at all by continued renewal. Hence the constant struggles in the East over the central Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. The Western World did not appreciate this continued effort at restatement: it was devoid alike of the fundamental ethnic divisions which made it necessary in the East and of the culture which made it possible there. So far from dividing the Empire in the presence of danger, the Eastern theological controversies usually signified earnest attempts to obliterate in the presence of danger divisions which arose from deep-seated racial and national differences:

attempts either to save by the imposition of silence or to renew by the offer of compromise that adjustment on which the strength of Christianity and of the Empire alike rested. And it may be doubted whether either the Christian religion or the Teutonic kingdoms in the West would have displayed power of successful resistance to alien beliefs and alien races, had the Eastern Empire failed either in its constant reassertion of the Roman frontiers or in its constant restatement of the Christian faith. The theological work of the Eastern Empire deserves to be remembered along with its military work. But this theological work involved the loss of nearly all the Western provinces. Other causes of the separation between East and West were the Lombard invasion of Italy which made land communication between Rome and Ravenna difficult, the immigration of Slavs into the Balkan peninsula which made the overland route to Italy impossible, and the challenge flung down by the Saracens to the naval supremacy of the East Romans.

Readers of Dr. Peisker's chapter in the first volume on the Asiatic Background will turn with pleasant anticipation to his chapter on the Expansion of the Slavs, and they will not be disappointed. The ingenuity with which he uses botany, comparative philology, geography and other sciences as auxiliaries in reaching historical conclusions about matters on which there is little or no documentary evidence will astonish historical students accustomed to see in documents their only important sources of information. And though such conclusions are, of course, liable in some cases to future disproof, yet on the whole Dr. Peisker carries most conviction just where he speculates most boldly.

For the historian, for men generally, the boldest course is often the safest; and Dr. Peisker is one of the scholars who advance knowledge more by their mistakes than many others by their anxiety to avoid error.

To deal with the Saracen conquests the editors have found a contributor not less able than Dr. Peisker. This is Professor Becker, of Hamburg. His two chapters will take rank with the best historical work of the kind that has been done in recent years. They are marked by sound and accurate learning, combined with a rare gift of brilliant exposition; and they show that the impulse to grasp firmly the relations of one historical development with those which have preceded, accompanied and followed it, is still strong in the native land of specialisation. Professor Becker shows how the impelling forces behind the Arab expansion were economic, not religious, and raises the question whether the whole development is not conceivable without Islam. At the same time he explains the proper place of Islam itself as "heir to the Oriental-Hellenistic civilisation" and "the last link in a long development of universal history". Mediaeval Christianity and Islam "repose on the same foundation, the Hellenistic-Oriental civilisation of early Christian times. In the territory of the Mediterranean circle conquered by the Arabs this civilisation lived on, but as the empire of the Caliphs thrust its main centre further and further eastward, and annexed more and more the traditions of ancient Persia, the culture of Islam, at first strongly tinged with Hellenism, was bound to assume an even stronger Oriental character. On the other hand, on Western ground the Germanic genius freed itself from this civilisation, which as a foreign import could not thrive there, to develop out of its remnants the typically Western forms of the Middle Ages."

The contributions of Professor Becker and Dr. Peisker would be enough to make this volume a remarkable book. The other work has been well done on the whole by the various contributors according to their various methods. Any attempt to fix an order of merit must be coloured by personal tastes; for our own part we are inclined to place Dr. Gerhard Seeliger's work next after that of the two contributors before mentioned. Regret may perhaps be felt in some quarters that the most brilliant contributors to an English work should be Germans; but learning is international, and we prefer to thank the editors for introducing these scholars to the English-reading public. It remains to be said only that the bibliographies are

invaluable—though, curiously enough, we cannot find any mention of Guizot's "History of Civilisation in France"—and that the maps are admirable for their purpose.

NOVELS.

"A Band of Brothers." By Charles Turley. Heinemann. 6s.

MR. TURLEY'S book is a thoughtful study of public school life. The author is a reformer, without being a bigot, and he has stated his case against the despotism of the athletic tradition without rancour or violence. William Cory, in his "Retrospect of School Life", could write of Eton:—

"I love her. Let the critics rail,
My brethren and my home are there",

but the era of blind faith has passed. Within the last few years two Harrovian novelists have given frank expressions of opinion on the system under which they spent their youth. Mr. Turley's criticism is directed on "Granby", and his narrative is convincing enough to persuade us that the fictitious name hides some personal reminiscences from the common gaze. It is in the persons of the various members of the Rumbold family that he gives the necessary element of substance to his argument.

The father and the four eldest of his sons—all old Granbeians—represent between them all the ritual and solemnity of the athletic cult. The band of brothers has amassed caps, pots, and blues, and the crowd knows them all separately by their initials. Their conversation is limited and technical, but of their contempt for those who fail to understand it there can be no possible doubt. Had their interest been in mathematics, we should certainly have described their narrow enthusiasm as pedantry, and, as it is, we call them prigs, rather than sportsmen. One of their number does, indeed, contrive to be a "good fellow", but at the end of three years at Cambridge there seems to be no place in the world for him unless he teaches the alphabet to the smallest boys in a fashionable private school, while he procures himself an education. Families like the Rumbolds do exist, and in their early years they receive enough adulation to turn the heads of the wisest. Anybody who has been in touch with the Universities during recent years will be able to say that he has known, at least by sight, a Rumbold or someone very much like one of them.

The chief character in this tale is, however, the fifth and youngest of the brothers, and he, as it happens, is more of a scholar than an athlete. When he goes to Granby the path is, of course, made clear for him towards caps and colours. He is going to be "a credit to his house", and "to do something for the school", and to the majority of boys and masters it would seem absurd to suggest that there could be any other spheres for his activities than those which are used at cricket and football. Somewhat conventionally the story ends with the coming of a new headmaster, who gives the youngest Rumbold a chance to develop on his own lines. The boy wins a scholarship at Balliol, and we have a vision of a time when his father, already in financial difficulties, may be glad that one of his sons did not turn out quite true to type. We could have wished that Mr. Turley had spared us the David and Jonathan friendship between Joe Rumbold and Ormsby and one or two other of the features which occur in every public school tale, yet he has given us more novelty than we expected, and it would be difficult to quarrel with his moderately expressed ideas.

"The Thing in the Woods." By Margery Williams. Duckworth. 6s.

As a gripping tale of terror "The Thing in the Woods" deserves considerable success. For the first 286 pages it kept us in a state of interested and slightly nervous anxiety, but from time to time we could not help stopping to think of all the ghosts, werewolves, animated corpses, and vampires which we had

never met. The book helped us to picture them all with a rare relish of horror, but somehow or other the last chapter was a trifle disappointing. We felt as though we had been cheated of the climax for which we had been waiting, and the author gave us only vague information on certain matters which it was her duty to clear. It would, however, be unfair to complain too bitterly of the discreetly worded conclusion, for, after all, we had to the full enjoyed the pleasures of anticipation. From the first we had divined that the "thing" must be either vampire or werewolf, and, on the whole, it was satisfactory to discover that it was the latter beast, since the lycanthrope is an uncommon creature in modern fiction. If only the author had told us about the fate of the gruesome Jake and his brother Aaron in more definite language, and had justified the curious and reticent personality of Mrs. Lessing, we should have been able to write of her book as the best tale of demoniacal horrors since "Dracula" made its terrible appearance.

"The Stranger at the Gate." By Mabel Osgood Wright. Macmillan. 6s.

"The Stranger at the Gate" is described in a subtitle as "a story of Christmas," and as such it makes pleasant reading. It would, however, have been much better if Mrs. Wright had introduced fewer sentimental touches in her narrative, for, though each one is quite delightful by itself, their sum total is overwhelming. American writers when they wish to point a moral are often too fond of thrusting it down our throats with a stick of candy, and even at a festive season our digestions may revolt. The author, moreover, lacks any nice sense of proportion. She reproaches Kitty for powdering her nose in the tone of a prophet reproving mortal sin, and then lectures Ira Vance, the big financier, for heartless neglect of humanity. The two things are not on a level, and their joint condemnation goes some way towards destroying the sympathy we wish to feel with a tale which has evidently been devised with excellent intention.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Les Amoretti d'Edmund Spenser." Translated by Fernand Henry. Paris: Guilmoto. 5 francs.

English neglect of Spenser's poetry is disgraceful. His name is honoured, for it is still remembered that he was among the chief creators of our language, but his books are allowed to grow dusty on the shelf. It has fallen to M. Fernand Henry, a French writer of the finest literary taste, to make amends for our native carelessness of genius. His task in translating the "Amoretti" has not been without difficulties. To read Spenser is, as he suggests, to receive a vision through a mist, and it is practically impossible to convey this exact impression through the medium of a limpid Latin language. There is, however, a certain fitness in this rendering of the sonnets into French, for there is no denying that their author owed a debt to France, even though the loans he made were less than those of a Sidney or a Drayton. Spenser, indeed, found the glory of Chaucer in the past, but he was not blind to the more present splendours of "la Pléiade", and, though he protested against the English language becoming a "hodge-podge of all other speeches", he had an evident admiration for Marot, Ronsard and Desportes.

In making known these sonnets to the French public, M. Henry has done well, and for us there is peculiar interest in his book, since page by page he gives us the chance to compare the originals with his translation. His renderings must be counted extremely happy when we remember the difficulty with which he has had to contend. In his own country, where true poetry is recognised, his work will be welcomed; in our own, it deserves a warm tribute.

"A Pilgrimage of British Farming." By A. D. Hall Murray. 5s. net.

Mr. Hall writes better on farming, we think, than anyone to-day. He writes with judgment: others do this. He writes with knowledge, knowledge of theory and knowledge of practice: others do this also, and probably quite as well as he does. Where he really excels, however, is in the union of judgment and knowledge and charm. He is that rare combination, the man of literature and the man of land; though why it should be rare we cannot understand, for it seems to be quite a natural and

likely combination. We saw some of his chapters when they appeared in the "Times" and were drawn to them, and it is a pleasant thing to find them here gathered together without a sign of a book-making effort. Mr. Hall is very good on the Downs, but he appears to be at home anywhere in England. We can snuff the brown old earth clean through these excellent strong pages. We must try to find a place not far off the "Rural Rides" for this book.

"Histoire Anecdotique de la Parisienne par le Costume." By Mme. Berjane. Published by the author at 27 Endsleigh Gardens. Part I. 1s.

Mme. Berjane (Comtesse Austin de Croze), having given a series of lectures on the fashions of the women of Paris from a remote period to our own time, has decided to publish her subject-matter in a series of twelve pamphlets. The first of these, dealing with French dress in the Middle Ages, has already appeared, and gives a promise of a delightful work. With a light and amusing style the author combines an extraordinary depth of knowledge. In the rudest specimens of ecclesiastical art she has discovered the earliest fashion plates, but she has put her finger on a greater truth than this: "Ridicule", she says, "does not kill fashion; on the contrary, it seems that one takes a pleasure in braving it".

"John Woolman: His Life and Our Times." By W. Teignmouth Shore. Macmillan. 5s. net.

In his Autobiography Goethe tells us that the inner religion of the heart and that of the external Church are, or should be, essentially one. That they cannot be separated without loss is well illustrated in the history of the Society of Friends, who made the attempt originally in a spirit of reaction against the formalism and lax morality of the seventeenth century. Of late years, however, there have been signs of a counter movement within the Society, under a growing conviction that the soul of religion requires an outward and visible framework to support it. There is, at all events, a remarkably wide difference between the present generation of Quakers and their ancestors, in their concessions to human nature, which are not unlikely to be carried farther. For the sect, never numerous, is diminishing, while losing its hold upon the younger members on whom its vitality must depend. They naturally feel the want of "rites and ceremonies" which their own system fails to provide, and are going elsewhere to find them. This, at least, is what we are informed on fairly good outside authority, and we can believe it. From the mention of "our times" in Mr. Teignmouth Shore's book, we were led to expect some definite information on this point, with a contrast between the past and the present, and an examination of the causes which have contributed to the change. But the biography is almost exclusively confined to John Woolman and his immediate surroundings as "a study in applied Christianity" (so the author describes it), which we are left to study and apply for ourselves. It is most interesting, and a most useful addition to our literature, in that so little is known of the subject at this day in England. Born in August, 1720, at his father's home in New Jersey, America, within about thirty years of the death of George Fox, the accredited founder of the sect, young Woolman was, of course, brought up under the rigid notions and instructions of its early disciples. To these influences there seems to have been a ready response in his deeply spiritual mind, endowed as he was with a keen sense of the divine claims upon him, and with an unusually sensitive conscience, so that in other conditions we can easily imagine him devoting himself to the strict life of the "religious", technically so-called. On the other hand, we notice a strong element of independence, not to say self-will, in his character, developed, as it appears, under a firm belief in direct personal inspiration, which rendered him more or less free from any guidance but that of the *Vox Dei*, as he conceived it, within his own soul. Mr. Teignmouth Shore writes impartially, yet in sympathy with his subject. His work will be acceptable within and without the Society of Friends.

"A Czarevitch of the Eighteenth Century." By the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé. A. L. Humphreys. 7s. 6d. net.

Only lately we noticed an excellent work by the author entitled "The Russian Novel". In this book the Vicomte again deals with the great characters who have dwelled in the land of the Little Father. The Czarevitch of his narrative is none other but the unhappy Alexis, son of Peter the Great. As the Vicomte declares: "The drama of Æschylus or Sophocles alone could have done justice to this painful episode in the chronicles of Russia. Alexis is astray in modern history, and belongs rather to the fated lineage that haunted the old Greek tragedians". The second study in the book gives an interesting portrait of the real Mazeppa freed from the legendry which has grown up around one who inspired Byron in England, Voltaire in France and Pouchkine in Russia. An essay on "The Death of Catherine II." concludes a scholarly volume.

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"Westminster Abbey." By W. J. Loftie. Seeley Service. 6s.

This book with its many illustrations is useful as a popular history and guide to Westminster Abbey. Mr. Loftie thinks that before Edward the Confessor's time the Abbey was the parish church. But this did not suit either the monks or the people. The monks did not like the people to crowd into their church, the people wanted a parson of their own. At first the people were permitted to worship in the north aisle of the nave, but very soon St. Margaret's was built. It is sometimes said the Confessor himself founded St. Margaret's, but there are difficulties about this view. The church probably did not exist in 1086, but was certainly built before 1140. Mr. Loftie refers to the report of the Royal Commission that at the present rate the space available for burials will last for a hundred years more. As to the monuments there was a serious proposal brought before the Commission that those which are incongruous and those which commemorate obscure people should be removed. Mr. Loftie suggests that something like the ten years' rule in the National Portrait Gallery might with advantage be enforced in the Abbey.

"Reminiscent Gossip of Men and Matters." By James Baker. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

On the title page of this book appears the couplet

"Our bending author hath pursued his story
In a little room confining mighty men."

Mr. Baker aims at giving glimpses, snatches, stories and incidents of the various famous men and women he had met in his not very eventful life. His book is, in fact, a chronicle of "small beer", enlarged from jottings which he had been in the habit of making in "the little black note book" he always carried. He writes of Dr. Gore preaching a Bampton lecture at Oxford and "looking weary and sad, with a thick, sandy beard and a quick toss of the head—a touch of the ascetic about him"; and of Mrs. Crawford, the famous correspondent of *The Daily News*: "deep, dark eyes with a full face and acquisitive nose, with a full mass of white, frizzy hair and well-marked dark eyebrows! A woman who silently, quickly grasped situation and character and utilised them". Amongst Mr. Baker's correspondents in the 'eighties were James Payn, Walter Besant, Tennyson, Ruskin, and J. A. Froude. Of these and other men he has some stories to tell. Mr. Baker's book is not for consecutive reading, but it may be dipped into. It has pleasant, if not very distinguished, gossip about people of the mid-Victorian days.

"Fancies, Fashions and Fads." By Ralph Nevill. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Ralph Nevill has made a lively volume of anecdotes, reminiscences and criticisms of men and things. His point of view is that of the man of the world who looks with amused toleration and some genial cynicism at passing modes and fashions. "Tout passe" might serve as the motto of the book, for Mr. Ralph Nevill has seen many changes in society, in art and architecture and in life generally, and he knows how to appraise at its right value the fad of the moment. He ranges himself with "the old-fashioned English aristocrat" who, although he may have been stiff, austere and rather narrow, had "a strength of character sadly wanting in the aristocracy of the present day".

Mr. Nevill thinks the disappearance of the innate pride of birth which marked the old English aristocracy has been a great misfortune to the upper classes. "Instead of rushing with open arms to welcome wealthy people of no matter what origin as they emerged from the slums, they should have remained as judiciously exclusive as possible, by which means they would have kept a good deal of power, while acquiring wealth on far better terms than those they have sunk to accepting to-day. It was their women who began the *degringolade*, imbued as they were with the feminine idea that it was possible to get something for nothing; they could not resist the comparatively trifling gifts and ostentatious hospitality of the new millionaires, for which in the long run the aristocracy has had to pay such a heavy price".

"The British Empire Universities' Modern English Dictionary." Edited by Edward D. Price, 41 Southampton Row. 21s. net.

This is more than a dictionary. There is the usual content of a dictionary remarkably well printed, and arranged with severe economy—the economy which omits the unessential in order that the essential may be decently presented. In addition to this there are introductory articles upon great English writers by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, upon English spelling by Professor Walter Rippmann, upon versification and prosody by Professor Saintsbury, and upon other topics by other authorities. There are also glossaries of technical terms, compiled by experts (flying by Mr. Grahame-White, cricket by Lord Hawke, etc.). This is the skilful compromise between a dictionary and an encyclopædia for which we have for some time waited. The statistics are well arranged. The concision of the book may be measured by the fact that in a comparatively small volume of

1,000 pages there is room for a list of synonyms and antonyms, compiled by Professor Gollancz. This dictionary deserves to be permanently successful.

"George Wyndham." By Charles Boyd. Humphreys. 1s. net.

We are glad that Mr. Charles Boyd has republished his appreciation "George Wyndham," which appeared in the "Cornhill" of October. It is a bright paper written in English that is never commonplace or stodgy, and many people will like to have it in a more permanent form than that of a monthly magazine even so good as "Cornhill". Wyndham appealed to political opponents of the front rank not less than to his colleagues. Years ago the writer of this notice asked a very leading member of the Government to-day to write a short book on Imperialism (in those days there were Liberal Imperialists): he could not accept the offer, being engaged on another work; but he at once advised that the best man in England on the subject was his friend, George Wyndham. And, indeed, in no statesman of his day did the flame of Imperialism burn purer and brighter than in Wyndham.

BOOKS RECEIVED.**BIOGRAPHY.**

Black Ivory and White, or the Story of El Zubeir Pasha, Slaver and Sultan, as told by himself (Translated and put on Record by H. C. Jackson.) Oxford: Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.

George Wyndham (Charles Boyd). Humphreys. 1s. net.

Paul Verlaine (Stefan Zweig). Dublin: Maunsell. 2s. 6d. net.

Blessed Margaret Mary, 1647-1690 (Monsignor Demimuid). Washbourne. 2s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Children of the Hills (Dermot O'Byrne). Dublin: Maunsell. 2s. 6d. net.

Old Mole (Gilbert Cannan). Secker. 6s.

GIFT BOOKS.

Andersen's Fairy Tales (Revised, and in Part Newly Translated by W. A. and J. K. Craigie). Oxford University Press. 5s. net.

The Fairy of the Snows (Francis J. Finn). Washbourne. 3s. 6d.

LAW.

The Law of Gambling: Civil and Criminal (Ward Coldridge, K.C., and William F. Swords). Stevens and Sons. 12s. 6d.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Peerage and Baronetage, the Privy Council, Knightage and Companionage (Sir Bernard Burke and Ashworth P. Burke). Harrison. 42s. net.

Three Hundred Investment Terms Explained. "The Financial Review of Reviews." 1s.

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray). Vol. IX. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 5s.

REPRINTS.

The Praise of Folly (Edited with an Introduction by Mrs. P. S. Allen). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Provincial Geographies of India.—The Madras Presidency with Mysore, Coorg and the Associated States (Edgar Thurston). Cambridge: At the University Press. 3s. net.

A New School Hymnal (Edited by E. M. Palser). Harrap. 1s. net.

SCIENCE.

Artificial Parthenogenesis and Fertilisation (Jacques Loeb). Cambridge: At the University Press. 10s. net.

THEOLOGY.

The Glory of Going On (The Right Rev. William Collins). Wells, Gardner. 1s. 6d. net.

Daily Reflections for Christians (The Very Rev. Father Charles Cox). 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net; On Prayer and the Contemplative Life (The Very Rev. Hugh Pope). 3s. 6d. net. Washbourne.

VERSE.

Songs of Sunshine (Olive Linnell). Walter Scott Publishing Co. 1s. net.

The Living Chalice and other Poems (Susan L. Mitchell). Aids to the Immortality of Certain Persons in Ireland (Susan L. Mitchell). 2s. 6d. net each; Madge Liney and other Poems (Dora Sigerson Shorter). 1s. net. Dublin: Maunsell.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Considérations sur l'Art Dramatique à propos de la Comédie de Bernard Shaw (Augustin et Henriette Hamon). Paris: Figuière. 1 fr.

Henry James: A Critical Study (Ford Madox Hueffer). Secker. 7s. 6d. net.

Modernities (Horace B. Samuel). Kegan, Paul. 7s. 6d. net.

Story of the Flute, The (H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon). Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3s. 6d. net.

Tendency Towards Industrial Combination, The (George R. Carter). 6s. net; A Way of Life (William Osler). 1s. net. Constable.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.—The Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, 2s. 6d.; The Imperial Review, 9d.; The Open Court, 10 cents; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.; Scribner's Magazine, 1s. net.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

STRICTLY speaking, the turn of the year makes very little difference to financial conditions. The chief influences during the closing days of December are the return to the banks of money employed for domestic purposes during the Christmas season, "window-dressing" by the banks and big insurance companies, and the arrangements for the large payments of interest and dividends due on 1 January. The end of the year, therefore, generally brings some monetary difficulties, though on this occasion the stringency will not be acute because trade is not very active and speculation is at a standstill.

The alteration of the calendar is really an incidental mechanical process having very little actual significance for the banker or the investor; but it is usual at this season to take stock of the passing year and to endeavour to probe the future. Extremely little satisfaction can be obtained from looking back at 1913, except the doubtful form of satisfaction which accrues to the man who points again to the fateful "13" and says, "I told you so".

On the Stock Exchange a few men have made money during the year; they are very few, and they have done it by operating on the "bear" tack. For the most part investors find that their securities have depreciated in value, while speculators on the bull side have had relatively few opportunities for securing profits.

Taking a broad view, the year closes with the most important share of its work still to be done. When peace was declared in the Balkans it was expected that the financing of the belligerents on a permanent scale would be carried through as quickly as the absorptive power of the investor would permit. This hope was not destined to be fulfilled, but it is satisfactory to note on the eve of the New Year that a basis has been reached which gives every reason to expect good progress now to be made with the important financial arrangements which have been so often postponed.

The French Government has come to a definite agreement with the banks, it is understood. A large issue of French Treasury Bills will be made early next month, and the embargo put upon all other loan issues by the French Government will be taken off. It is expected that the Servian loan will come first, to be followed by a Russian loan, after which the requirements of the other Balkan States will receive attention. The issue of these loans to the public will relieve the banks, which have been carrying large lines of Treasury Bills or promissory notes wherewith the Balkan States have so far been temporarily financed. At the same time the issues should draw out from the stockings of apathetic investors some of the money that has been hoarded for so many months.

From this point of view the outlook for the new year may be considered encouraging. There will be no violent activity, and opportunities for successful speculation will probably be few and far between; but, provided that no new political difficulties arise, investors will be fully justified in anticipating an appreciation in the value of their holdings. Furthermore, as the demands for new capital will be very large, high rates of interest will be obtainable and investors will be able to place their money in channels which will provide good yields with very fair security. There is, of course, the possible danger of new issues being rushed out too quickly, which would lead to a deadlock such as has been experienced more than once during the past year, but if only the Balkan borrowing can be satisfactorily arranged the air will be wonderfully cleared and a resumption of more normal conditions may then be anticipated.

Another important factor that is operating on the Stock Exchange at the present moment is the activity of the Committee in investigating recent deals of a doubtful character. Severe penalties have been visited upon certain members who have brought themselves into an unenviable position under the disciplinary rules of the "House." In many quarters it is argued that

the Committee has erred on the side of severity. The outstanding fact of these matters, however, is that the Committee has at last come to recognise that the system of "introducing" shares for dealings on the Stock Exchange without a prospectus is one which should be sternly discouraged. It is a system which never should have been allowed to grow. It is now feared that the publicity given to recent scandals by the decisions of the Committee will have the effect of disturbing public confidence in the "House", but the ultimate result should be to inspire greater confidence, inasmuch as operations such as those to which attention has been directed will not be repeated, and the public will therefore benefit from the strict observance of the disciplinary rules of the Stock Exchange.

INSURANCE.

SOME EFFECTS OF HIGH INTEREST RATES.

LIFE assurance is commonly said to be the most stable business in the world, but the statement is not exactly correct. Although the losses sustained by policyholders through the failure of life offices have since 1869 been too insignificant to deserve consideration, and their disappointments in regard to bonuses have been infrequent, variety in other ways has never been wanting. Comparatively few of the offices which existed at the time when the Albert Life Assurance Co. failed survive even in name to-day, and scores of subsequently created offices have disappeared and are forgotten. Moreover the character of the business transacted by the survivors has constantly altered under the influence of competition and economic, legislative, and social changes, and there is little similarity between modern methods and those which were considered good enough half a century ago. Life office managements have, like bankers and other folk, been compelled to veer with the times, and the relative greatness of the success achieved by them can be ascribed to the fact that there has been less necessity to realise investments during periods of marked depression.

Since the current century began the mutability of the business has been constantly visible. Many persons have probably wondered why certain offices have spent such large sums in pushing annuity schemes, and also why other offices have greatly reduced their rates for non-participating policies, or have made features of educational endowments and children's deferred assurances. The explanation, of course, is that it now pays better than it did in the past to grant annuities or issue without-profit contracts. When interest rates rule low and the margin of unvalued interest is small these transactions leave very little profit, and under certain conditions they may prove unremunerative in the long run. The position is changed, however, when investments can be made, as now, on most favourable terms, and there is no anticipation of any early recovery of values. Most life offices at the present time value their assurance and annuity contracts on a 3 per cent. basis, and a 2½ per cent. rate is not uncommon, whereas investments can be made in really sound securities yielding from 4 to 4½ per cent. interest. Such satisfactory rates may not be obtainable some years hence, because Stock Exchange and other values ebb and flow with some regularity; indeed, the time is certain to come when the profit from excess interest earned will again prove comparatively small, and actuaries will be called upon to study new problems. At the moment, however, the transactions in question are thoroughly profitable and they will remain so while interest rates rule high.

As a matter of fact, the companies have benefited in two ways from the prolonged depression which has led to such large sums having had to be written off the value of Stock Exchange securities, and latterly off hereditarily property as well. In the first place their "interest profit", as it is called, has greatly expanded; and, secondly, all conservative offices,

(Continued on page 824.)

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ROTTERDAM: Nederlandsche Kiosken and Kiosk.

FRANCE.

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D. Colliard, 16 rue de la Barre. MARSEILLES: Mme.
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Brentano's Library, 37 Ave. de l'Opéra; Librairie Timothee,
14 rue Castiglione, and the principal Libraries, Kiosques and
Railway Stations. TROUVILLE: Mme. Leclerc, 56 rue des
Bains.

GERMANY.

BERLIN: Georg Stilke, 72 and 74 Dorotheenstrasse.
COLOGNE: F. G. Schmitz, Hohestrasse. FRANKFORT:
J. Vaternahm, Hauptpersonenbahnhof. HAMBURG:
J. W. Basedow, 19/21 Brodschranzen. HOMBURG: F.
Schick, Library. HEIDELBERG: H. Ruhlmann, 9
Leopoldstrasse. MUNICH: Heinrich Jaffe, 54 Briener-
strasse. STUTTGART: Konrad Wittwer, Hauptpersonen-
bahnhof.

ITALY.

FLORENCE: B. Seeber, 20 via Tornabuoni. MILANO:
Paolo Marco, Stazione Centrale. NAPLES: Detken &
Rochol, Piazza Plebiscito. ROME: Luigi Piale, Piazza di
Spagna. TURIN: Cerallo Maddalene, Piazza Carlo Felice.

NORWAY AND SWEDEN.

BERGEN: F. Beyer, 2 Strandgaden. CHRISTIANIA:
B. Narvessen, 2 Stortingsgaden.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

BARCELONA: Louis Berge, 7 Rambla Estudios.
LISBON: A. R. Galvao, 18 Praça de Terceira.

SWITZERLAND.

BASLE: F. Tennant Pain, 44 Elisabethenstrasse; Festersen
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Library. GENEVA: Naville & Co., 6/8 rue Pécolat.
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A. Gebhardt, Library. MONTREUX: C. B. Faist,
Library. ST. MORITZBAD: C. B. Faist, Library.
VEVEY: Jules Berndt, Library.

WEST-END CLOTHIERS.

The annual general meeting of the West-End Clothiers Company, Limited,
was held on Monday at 24 Holborn, E.C., Mr. John Hedges (the chairman)
presiding.

The Chairman said: The past year has not been at all a favourable one for us. However, from all I can gather, it has been bad for the tailoring trade generally. We have made a loss in connection with a business of which the West-End Clothiers Company are the sole proprietors. The latter business stands in our account for a great amount, and I am of opinion that we should remove from the place altogether. With regard to the new branch at Paris, I am pleased to say that, although this resulted in a loss for the past year, this has now been rectified by letting the flat where we originally carried on business and taking fresh premises at Rue Vignon corner of the Rue Trenchet. Many of you may remember that our lease having expired at our West-end branch—395 Oxford Street—it was either a question of giving up possession of the premises or taking the whole block, including the flats over them and the shop next door. We decided to take the whole building. On the face of it, it looked thing, but we had several of our flats to let. In the end we made a loss on that branch, instead of a profit; but I am glad to say that now they are all let, with the exception of one small one. We have made in our business drastic alterations which are not only showing economy, but a new departure looks like becoming a very sound and profitable side-line. I cannot tell you publicly what it is, but I shall be pleased to inform any shareholder after the meeting; in fact, the side-line I believe, in a very short space of time, will show a very big profit. I, personally, am going to retire from the board at the end of January. I think it is necessary, and I am sure that some of the largest shareholders also agree, that some new blood ought to be placed on the board, so that there will be new ideas and men with organising knowledge of the trade. I part from you with a good deal of feeling; for, as you know, I have been connected with the company for over ten years, and I hope that a more prosperous future is in store for the West-End Clothiers Company. I now beg to propose: "That the report and accounts be accepted," and I will ask Mr. Parker to second the resolution.

The resolution having been seconded, and, an amendment for a committee of three or four shareholders to be appointed to enquire into the affairs of the company having been defeated, the motion was carried.

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The Weekly Review of the Tory Party**The
Saturday
Review**

From the beginning of the New Year the "Saturday Review" will publish every week a special signed article. This will be an additional feature of the "Saturday", which will contain as usual its signed and unsigned articles on POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, MUSIC and the DRAMA. Among those who have kindly agreed to write are:—

Lord Hugh Cecil, M.P.**Mr. Lionel Cust****Mr. Gilbert Murray****Lord Robert Cecil, M.P.****Mr. Granville Barker****Sir Mark Sykes, M.P.****Mr. Maurice Baring****Lord Roberts****Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P.****Mr. H. Fielding-Hall****Mr. A. D. Godley****Mr. Rudolph Besier****Mr. A. C. Benson****Mr. George Cave, M.P.****Mr. Theodore Roosevelt**

